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FOR LOVE OF BARBARA ALLEN.

BY ELLEN FRIZELL WYCOFF

CHAPTER I.

BARBARA ALLEN.

People spoke of Barbara Allen as a very fortunate young woman, as, indeed, she was, only—and that made all the difference in the world—pretty Barbara herself did not think so.

In the first place, she was a beauty, with hair of palest gold and eyes purple as clear water in the shadow of cypress trees—a clear, wonderful purple, that was never quite the same for an hour at a time. Her small face was a mervelous study in pink and white, and the dainty chin was finished with a deep and most entrancing dimple. She was very charming, with her tiny figure and a fairy-like daintiness that was good to see.

The original Barbara Allen who so cruelly sent Sweet William to his untimely grave, could not herself have been fairer than her lovely little namesake. Whether the name was an accident, or whether the quaint old ballad had found lodgment in the heart of the dreamy Virginia minister who was Barbara's father, no one never knew.

But Barbara's beauty, great as it was, was not the best of her good fortune. On one of her slender fingers sparkled a ring that told the story. It was strange, people said, that a grave, quiet man like Dennis Donnelly should have fallen in love with a pretty girl like Barbara, but he had done so, and this was the girl's good fortune.

Doctor Donnelly was no longer a very young man, and he was sedate and thoughtful, but somehow it had all happened, and Barbara was to be his wife.

When Mrs. Overton, the sister of the dead Mrs. Allen, heard of the engagement, she went down from her Maryland home to see what her nieces were like, and, finding them pretty and tolerably civilized, decided to give them a peep at the great world.

Dreamy, preoccupied Mr. Allen let them go, for he could no more resist Mrs. Overton than an autumn leaf can hold out against a November gale.

After a winter at Washington Mrs. Overton took them off to her home in the beautiful Maryland mountains. And that was why Doctor Donnelly had left his patients for a two weeks' visit to Mrs. Overton.

The walk from the station was a beautiful one, and Dennis preferred it to the shaky old coach that was at the disposal of travelers. On the steps of the little church he found Kitty tormenting Dick, who, after the fashion of young men in love, fairly reveled in his own suffering.

Now Kitty was known in the quiet Virginia town as the second Miss Allen, and a jollier, more lovable little maiden could not have been found in a week's search. Her short black hair tumbled in riotous fashion over her head, catching in its waves and tangles all sorts of brown and tawny lights, and her face, dark as a gypsy's, was lighted by a pair of eyes long-lashed and black-fringed and blue—blue without a hint of gray, pale and soft as a wild blue morning glory all newly opened and dewy. Her red, red mouth was beset at the corners with dimples, pushed far in. A plump, healthy little body was Kitty, known as the second Miss Allen.

And Dick Moran? Well, he was just Dick, and defied description. He had barely escaped being fat. Indeed, there were terrible, agonized moments when a great fear overpowered him, and he wondered if he had escaped. Dick was not grandly tall, and his head was topped off by a shaggy mat of hair—nut-brown as to color and wildly rebellious as to character. His nose had been moulded after no particular pattern, and, viewing it, Dick often wondered sadly why, since there was quite enough of it. Dick's mouth, too, was a generous affair, and somehow it had a way of shaping itself into the merriest and sweetest of smiles. Nobody knew the color of his eyes, but all knew that they were clear, steady and bright. People always trusted Dick—strangers and children and beggars turned to him naturally, as to a friend. And Dick loved Kitty, loved her so well that he was never happy away from her, though, as he feelingly expressed it, she led him a life.

Kitty received Dennis joyfully, and he patiently answered all her questions, never asking one himself.

"Of course you knew that Dick was here," she explained, with a sigh and a nod at Dick. "We'd have gone somewhere else, but what was the good? He'd have followed us. With his talent for 'making up,' and parlor theatricals, I think he should have come as a venerable uncle."

The tall, grave doctor smiled, for Dick was his favorite pupil, and he had high hopes of making a great man of him. He knew very well the condition of Dick's mind regarding Kitty.

"He hasn't given me anything like a fair chance," Kitty went on, and a doleful look settled over her dimpled face. "I might have caught a new sweetheart if I could have escaped for a moment from Dick's broad shadow," and she shot a quick, mirthful glance at the discomforted young man.

"Oh, Kitty, false woman! You promised——"

"What did I ever promise you?" demanded the girl, with a smile.

"That you would never call me fat again," reproachfully.

"Why, I didn't," was the merry answer. "I called you Dick. What notions you do take! Let me see, Dennis," she added. "I presume you will find Barbara at home by this time. Don't you think, Dick, that she must have finished her ride with Mr. Douglas? If she hasn't, Aunty is somewhere about, and Dick and I are coming, though I walk slowly. You will like Mr. Douglas, Dennis, at least I suppose you will, for Barbara does. He is like a hero in a book, handsome, and broad-shouldered, and not young. And there's a sort of world-worn look about him, as if he were almost tired of living, you know. I dare say I should have fallen in love with him, but he never sees anyone but Barbara."

Doctor Donnelly smiled.

"Is he southern?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, no," laughed Kitty. "He's cosmopolitan."

Dennis turned away with a smile.

"I must hurry on and meet this hero," he said. "I thought at first that one of my southern cousins might have found this pleasant nook."

"Thought you'd put a bee in his bonnet, did you, Kitty?" said Dick, when Dennis was gone and the girl had come back to her seat on the church steps.

"Yes," she said. "I don't know what's to be done with Mr. Douglas, now that Dennis is here," she added, her round, dimpled face comically doleful.

"Perhaps the doctor can use him in a duel or something," suggested Dick, hopefully.

"Oh, do you think so, Dick? How romantic! And Barbara will take the brave survivor. Oh, dear, I shall never have a chance of becoming a heroine," and the full, babyish lips drooped sorrowfully.

"Oh, if that's all you want," began Dick, "I'll go into training and knock out any number——"

Kity shook her head.

"That isn't it," she said. "A girl can't do much with one sweetheart, and that one fat. There are always two in books."

"If I were only twins," wailed the young man.

"There's quite enough of you for two," laughed the girl.

Then Kittly's mood changed.

"Dick," she said, her little face growing grave, "I am afraid there is going to be trouble. I wish I had gone on with Dennis and seen the meeting between those two men."

She seemed half frightened now, and Dick advanced and took her hands into his own.

Kitty drew back a step.

"As a sort of cousin, you know," Dick said, not letting go.

And Kitty allowed him to hold her hands,

Her beautiful face was sweet and earnest now, and the man kissed it reverently.

and even drew a step or two nearer him, while he, with a most uncousinly look in his happy eyes, comforted her.

And after a time they went on to the house. Barbara was there, still in her black velvet riding habit, and wearing a hat with a long, shining plume that fell over her golden hair. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were dark and bright.

"How exquisitely pretty she is," Kitty whispered to Dick. "Do you think at my very best I shall ever be able to hold a candle to her?"

This question had brought Dick trouble more than once, so he answered, warily:

"I shouldn't a bit wonder."

Mrs. Overton sat before a brisk little fire, summer day though it was, which burned in the grate. Mr. Douglas, handsome and courteous, with a little dash of reckless and melancholy which make men so attractive to very young women, stood before her, while Dennis, his dark, handsome face shining, sat near Barbara in the window-seat.

Kitty took the chair Mr. Douglas offered and smiled as he sat down on a hassock at her feet.

"And so you have seen Bab's sweetheart?" Kitty said, bending forward so that only Mr. Douglas could hear the words. "I told you about him, you know; how handsome he is, and how Barbara belongs to him."

"Not quite that," he said, his smiling eyes on Kitty's face. "It's only a promise."

Kitty's blue eyes flashed like steel.

"Only a promise! You, a gentleman!" she said, her low voice vibrating scornfully.

"I am a man," he said, loking straight into the indignant eyes of the girl.

"A man! That's better, much better. Forgive me, Mr. Douglas; but do you know that I half fancied—it must be such a very easy thing to do—that you might have fallen in love with our Barbara? And she has always loved Dennis! Girls are full of ancies, you know."

"This fancy of yours, for instance?"

"I am meaning Barbara. She is so young, hardly old enough to know her own mind. Dennis has been so good to me, to us, and pap loves him. He was glad to give Barbara to Dennis, for he is old now, papa is, and cannot be with her long, and that makes us both belong to Dennis, for you know I do in a special sort of way. My mother gave me to him when I was ever so little. Barbara, they say, was born to misfortune, though I'm sure I don't know how they can tell. But it makes me uneasy about her, and glad that she is safe in the care of Dennis. You don't know how glad papa was when it was all settled!"

"And was she glad?"

"She was then, yes—I mean she is. We all love Dennis."

"Does she?"

He was looking at Barbara now. Their eyes met and a flush, soft and warm, dyed the girl's fair face.

"Does she?" Mr. Douglas repeated, bringing his eyes slowly back to Kitty's face and smiling as he saw her look of consternation.

"She does, certainly. Why, she is to be his wife; think of that!"

"I've been thinking of it," he said, quietly.

"Yes. It is just the thing. Barbara does not like being poor, and all that. Neither do I, but it's different. Dennis is not poor, and some day, they say, he will be rich. I don't know much amout it, for he has never told me, but papa knows. And Barbara likes her own way. Dennis knows that."

"Suppose she should decide upon having a different sort of husband, would she be likely to give up her own way?" he asked.

"Barbara will not break her word to Dennis and disappoint papa. I wouldn't, and she is better than I am," Kitty said, loyally, an anxious look in her eyes.

It was just then that Dick came to her. Somehow he had a way of coming when she wanted him, always, and sometimes—but then her mood was not always the same.

"I couldn't endure it another moment, Kitty. Why is that women run wild over a man like that? Old enough to be your father, if he's a day, and half bad, at the least?" he asked, when they were alone, trying with very poor success to twist his face into scowl.

"I don't know; ask some of the women who have gone wild. For my part, I hate him—well, I mean I almost do. Very likely I should not have felt so if he had chosen me instead of Barbara. I wonder he didn't, seeing I am not yet disposed of and she is."

Dick groaned.

"Mr. Douglas shall not make trouble for Dennis," Kitty said, in a moment. "Do look at Barbara now," she added. "Aunty has taken Dennis off to see the orchids, and they are slipping away."

"A handsome pair," ventured Dick.

"But don't you see he is making love to her?" broke in the girl. "Poor Dennis can't do that, and Barbara likes it. See how he bends down to see her face. Oh, Dick, something must be done. You will help me, won't you, Dick?"

"Of course I will, dear, but I must have my pay, you know."

"What do you want, Dick?"

"I want you."

"Modest young man. Don't be rash, Dick. You are too young."

"Kitty, I'll be an old man in no time."

"Do you feel it coming on, Dick?" laughed the girl. Then her face grew grave again. "Look at them, Dick," she said. "I should not be surprised to see him fall at her feet any moment, and Dennis quietly smelling Aunty's orchids. He hasn't an eye in his head, poor Dennis. He wasn't intended for this planet."

"Sort o' man in the moon?" suggested Dick.

"Well," said Kitty, "man in the moon or not, Mr. Douglas shall not take his sweetheart away from him."

CHAPTER II.

ON THE CLIFF.

Along the edge of the cliff that hung over the river walked Barbara, her purple eyes drooping, a soft color on her cheeks. And beside her, his handsome face all aglow with "the light that never shone on land or sea," walked Mr. Douglas.

The little weather-beaten church stood among its scrubby oaks at the side of the road. It was there, on the shady steps, that he had told her his story, while Kitty and Dick crouched inside, afraid to move, hardly daring to breathe, until all was told, and then, with a happy flash of inspiration, stole out of a distant window!

It was a sad enough story, this story Mr. Douglas told, sitting there, one that is lived over and over in the history of men, and told many and many a time. Just the story of what the world calls a foolish marriage, with the usual accompaniment of poverty and wretchedness in a foreign city, and a repentant home-coming to an offended relative, with the child-wife and the baby.

Then came the storm at sea that has always so mercilessly separated families—the storm that sent the ship down and scattered the passengers in life-boats. And somehow the wife and baby were in one boat and he in another, and while he watched the boat go down and knew that it was all over!

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A WAR TIME PENELOPE.

The Strange Story of Caleb Preston's Warfare and a Woman's Faith.

BY STANLEY EDWARDS JOHNSON.

The war cloud that rose from the smoke of Fort Sumter had settled over the hillside town of Trescott, a little village wedged in between the valleys at the beginning of the White mountains, and early in the May of 1861, there were many who had decided to take up arms in the defense of the Union.

But the threatening cloud of war was nothing as compared with the dark shadows which, with the opening of spring, had come into the lives of Miranda Perkins and Caleb Preston, who had been "promised to each other" for ten years. That was the genral understanding throughout the village. The two had "been going with each other" for all this period, almost since they were children, and it was understood they would be married as soon as Caleb had paid for his farm.

Yet this New England courtship had been an uneven one in many respects. Lovers' quarrels came between the pair now and then, and when the farmers began to turn from their plowshares to their weapons Miranda and Caleb had not spoken for four weeks. Both were miserable, and yet their New England obstinacy forbade any intercourse. Miranda spent her days in moody silence, tending to the dairy and setting the hens, while Caleb was unusually energetic with his farm duties.

It is not likely that Caleb would ever have been a soldier if some trivial event could have broken the icy coldness between himself and Miranda. As it was, a martial spirit arose in his soul, and as he drove his plow in the daytime, he thought much of going to the front in the regiment which was forming in the adjoining village. Miranda heard of this, and her bitterness gained as the days went by. She was never inclined to discuss her troubles with her father and mother; but one day, as she was busily engaged with her mother in the morning duties of the household, her soul rose to the surface.

"I don't suppose Caleb'll come to say good-by to me, an' I guess I wouldn't see him if he did. That everlastin' temper o' his keeps him in bilin' hot water most o' the time."

"What's the matter with him now?" asked her mother.

"Well, I suppose he didn't like it 'cause I went over to the dance at the Centre in March. He couldn't go, an' I rode over in the sleigh with John Sherwood, an' he's never be'n the same since. I told him that if he hadn't learned to believe in me in ten years I didn't care if he ever would, an' he hasn't be'n here ag'in."

Mrs. Perkins said no more, and the subject was dropped.

But Caleb Preston could not go to the war without coming to see Miranda. Miranda opened wide the door when he rapped, and stood before him in forbidding attitude.

"Good evening," she said, coldly.

"Good evening," replied Caleb.

"Do you want to see father?" she asked.

"No."

"Well, will you come in?"

Caleb walked in for an answer. He entered and sat down in the parlor. He was left there for some time in a loneliness which made the minutes seem like hours.

The yeoman of the Granite hills is not much given to the solution of troubles like this. Many have been the instances where trivial dissensions have been magnified and dwelt upon until they become like huge boulders overhanging the precipices of the mountains. A little force will send them tumbling down to the ravine, carrying earth and trees along the crashing course. The huge rock has no force within itself to move it.

Miranda suddenly thought of a great many little duties which demanded attention, and it was nearly an hour before she was able to enter the parlor and sit silently on the other side of the room. The little sofa, which had witnessed different scenes, was empty, and awkwardness reigned supreme. Miranda was evidently not inclined to talk.

"I've enlisted, Mirandy," Caleb said, in a questioning tone, as if really asking what she thought of it. But no answer came. After a few moments Caleb made another effort, moving uneasily in his chair.

"I'm goin' off tomorrer."

Still no answer.

"Won't you say good-by to me, Mirandy?"

Miranda tossed her head.

"Oh, yes, I guess I can say that much," she replied, in implacable tones.

Caleb rose and stood in fearful uncertainty for a moment. Miranda sat as immovable as a statue of Buddha in the presence of a Hindu worshiper.

"Good-by," he said at last.

"Good-by," came the answer, like an echo.

Then Caleb Preston closed the outer door, and went out into the darkness. Miranda went to the sofa and hid her face on the pillow.

The next morning about a dozen young farmers drove to the next town to enlist in the New Hampshire volunteers. There was a considerable gathering at the village green to say farewell, and something like a cheer went up as they drove away. Mothers and fathers, and wives and sweethearts were there, no tears were shed, but there was an undercurrent of sadness which was kept bravely beneath the surface.

But there were no farewells for Caleb. His face was stern and resolute, and no one could read signs of grief or joy in its firm immobility. Yet the absence of Miranda gave food for all the gatherings of the little village for many years to come.

The regiment which went to the front a few weeks later was composed of good fighting material, and saw some of the hardest service in the rebellion. Most of them re-enlisted, and remained until the close of the war. A few fell in the ranks, their faces fronting the foe.

The war came to an end, and the remnant of the hardy men of Trescott returned home. Caleb was one of the missing. His fate was uncertain. He had served in many severe engagements, and was last known to have been with Grant in the Wilderness. Some of his comrades, who were with him in a raid with Sheridan, a few weeks before the last scene in the tragedy of the civil war, remembered that he had been wounded, but no further trace of him was known. It was supposed he had been slain.

Although life had changed for Miranda, she was outwardly much the same. She had always been a favorite, and there were many who would have liked to step into the vacancy left in her heart by Caleb Preston. But there never was such a vacancy. Miranda received her suitors with a certain kindliness. She was sprightly and pretty, and she sat with her callers throughout the long winter evenings, cracking butternuts, and entertaining them with a lively chatter of the affairs of the little village. But an invisible barrier kept them all at a certain distance.

Among these suitors was John Sherwood, who had first come between the lovers. He was a good enough farmer, but his finer senses were extremely blunt, and there was no suspicion within him that he was hardly calculated to win the love of Miranda. There were even many in the village who believed he would succeed. He did indeed for a time seem to be the reigning monarch at the hillside farmhouse, beneath the brow of Mt. Mousehilauke. He was a thrifty citizen of Trescott, and owned a large sawmill, and was supposed to have money out at interest.

One evening he attempted to revive the memory of Caleb.

"Ain't it queer," he began, "that no one has ever heard from Caleb Preston?"

But Miranda made no answer, and her visitor failed to notice her heightened color and the sudden gleam in her eyes.

"They say he was an awful brave fighter but he's be'n given up for dead, and his folks hev just her a headstone put up in the graveyard for him."

Miranda seemed interested in this, but still she said nothing, and for a while the only sound which disturbed the silence of the farmhouse was the rending of the butternuts.

But John Sherwood's tongue was loosening, and he was determined to cross the barrier.

"I s'pose you thought a pile of Caleb Preston?" he persisted. "But then you've allus seemed to take it kind o' easy. You've never took on as most folks would——"

But Miranda rose from her chair. Her eyes were flashing, but her face was deadly white.

"You ough to know," she began, in a tone of intense indignation, "that you have no right to speak to me of Caleb Preston! You have be'n allowed to come here and be treated like a gentleman, but you don't deserve it. You are the only man, in all these years, who has be'n to this house and not respected affairs which are none of your concern!"

With this she swept from the room. John Sherwood made his way out the best way he could. He was the last of the suitors of this New England Penelope.

But the years had rolled by, and Miranda was no longer young. It is true that she showed few signs of age. Her figure had lost none of its pretty plumpness, and there were no signs of age in her face. Yet in her hair there were a few slight streaks, which told the tale of the years.

In these days the memory of her lost lover became dearer to her. After a few years she joined those who paid honor to the patriot dead on Memorial day, and made no secret of her devotion to the memory of Caleb Preston.

People saw her place the wreath her own hands had wrought beside the headstone of Caleb, with a sort of awed reverence. Those who had hoped to win her for their own began to understand. Her whole soul was becoming a beautiful lesson of resignation to the inevitable disappointments of life. As each year passed there seemed to be an illumination within her, which shone out in the form of good deeds, done for the sake of goodness and charity alone.

"Miranda never looked so well," was the comment which fell from many lips.

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Late one evening toward the close of the war, as Caleb Preston was riding with a company of Sheridan's troopers, they were surprised by a party of Confederate skirmishers. A short engagement followed, which resulted rather badly for the Union soldiers, who had supposed they were riding safely to the headquarters of General Grant. Darkness had fallen upon the country, and not a few of the dead and severely wounded, who were unable to raise a shout for help, were left behind. Among these was Caleb Preston. He had fallen senseless in the thick of the fight, and his comrades never heard of him again.

The next day he awoke to consciousness to find that he was almost alone on that bloody field. Around him were others of his troop, some of them, who, like himself had been unable to raise a cry for help, or else had been killed outright. He raised himself on his elbow and listened. In a moment he thought he detected the sound of approaching troops, the measured tread of a regiment. Nearer and nearer it came and his pulses beat in the hope that it might be a detachment of Union soldiers. But when the line appeared in sight, he was doomed to disappointment, for he saw the gray uniform of the onfederates. He hoped that they would pass him unnoticed. He tried to move, but found he was too weak. He lay in their path, and it almost seemed as if they would walk over him. The lieutenant saw him, however, and gave the orders to halt.

"It's a Yank," he said, shortly. "I'll ask the captain what to do with him."

Captain Randolph rode up at the moment, dismounted and knelt beside the wounded soldier. He was a southerner of the best sort, and had a reputation for dealing kindly with captives. But something in the face of Caleb attracted him.

"Poor boy," he said; "he seems almost the double of my soldier son, who dropped at Shiloh. I'll look after him. Come, Jack," he called to his colored man-servant, "remain here and see that this gentleman is properly cared for, and that he receives all the attention due to a gallant soldier, who has the misfortune to become a prisoner of war. If he survives and is able to be moved have him taken to Beechwood Lodge."

Then he gave the order to move on.

Beechwood Lodge was one of the fine old Virginian villas which escaped the ravages of war. Caleb Preston found a warm welcome at the hands of Mrs. Randolph and her family. His resemblance to the son who had fallen in the struggle, made her solicitude almost like that of a mother's. Caleb gained rapidly and was in his usual health before the return of Captain Randolph. He realized that he was a prisoner of war, but he was a willing prisoner. Before the final scattering of the Confederate

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BARBARA ALLEN.

(Continued from page one.)

And when, at last, he landed on his native shore he turned his face from his home. Not for himself would he go to his proud kinsman. In the west fortune had been kind, and when there was little need for it he had made a modest fortune, and lived his life alone.

"My life hasn't been a very good one, Barbara," he was saying, as they walked along the cliff path toward the little church, "and I thought there could never again be joy in living for me, but I found you! The night has been long, but suddenly the world is full of light."

"Don't, please, I told you——"

"Yes, I know," laughing softly as if the happiness in his heart must have an outlet, "but, my darling, what was the use of telling me—what is the use of reminding me? You know, and I know, that you are mine, mine! For the sake of a promise made in ignorance—you knew almost no other man—the promise of a child to please your father and an old friend, would you shut the door of heaven against us both?"

"You do not understand," pleaded Barbara. "My father was pleased, that was all. It was my own free will. My father would be grieved if he knew of this; he is old and he is proud. And Dennis—can you think what it would be to him? Dennis is so much to us!"

"Barbara, I love you as he never dreamed of loving. You love me; is not that enough? Why should we go over it all again? You know that I will never give you up, never, now that I know you love me."

They were sheltered now by the scrubby oaks that crowned the cliff and which were scattered amount the overhanging precipice to the railroad track that lay along a narrow shelf of rock just above the river.

"Give you up?" he said, stopping and looking down into her face, "never, until I am dead or you are. Give you up to that frozen-hearted man—to him of all men? No, we'll go away together, Barbara, and live our happy lives in an Eden that we shall make for each other. He may have his thousands, but I shall have you. No, curse him, he shall never have you, Barbara! You are mine. It is quite useless for you to struggle against me, darling. As a straw laid across the river there, so is your little promise against my love. Don't you see how it is? Give up the struggle that can end in but one way. Give it up now. Let your heart speak, Barbara. Let your eyes tell me that you will struggle against yourself no longer."

He held up her face and looked down into her frightened eyes.

"I cannot hold out against——"

"Against what?"

"Against your love," she said, slowly, her face as white as death.

A faint shadow crossed his face, but it was gone in a moment.

"It is settled, then. Shall I go to your father, Barbara?"

"To papa? Oh, for heaven's sake, no! The one thing I cannot endure is my father's grief. No, no, save me that. He could not break a promise, as I must do—he could not understand. And Dennis? No, let us go away before they know. I am a coward; I cannot endure it."

"It shall be as you wish, darling. Tell me when I may bring you here to the little church again. We will be married here and go far, far away. My darling shall not suffer one pang that I can spare her. Shall it be tonight, Barbara?"

"Tonight? So soon?"

"And why not?"

"Tomorrow night," she whispered. "I must get away from the reproach in Kitty's eyes. And when Dennis knows——"

"Tomorrow night, then, darling. Nothing but death shall keep me from you then."

"Death? Oh, that must be very far away," she said, with a shudder.

"It has been very near me many times, dear."

"But I pray that it may be a long time before death separates us. Nothing else can—nothing but death or dishonor."

"Death or dishonor," he repeated. "Barbara, what is dishonor? Your father would say——"

"I know, but that is not it," she said, quickly.

"What then?"

A flush soft and bright spread over her pale face.

"I loved you the first time my eyes met yours," she said, softly. "I think if I had been his wife it must have been the same, because I had no warning; there was no preparation, nothing went before. I could not have helped it. It came without effort or consciousness, as a dream in the night. I could not resist it. But if I had been a wife I would have turned my eyes away and never have seen you again, dear, for that would have been dishonor."

Her beautiful face was sweet and earnest now, and the man bent down and kissed it reverently, and for a time they were silent.

"We must go back," she said at last.

"I hardly dare let you go; Fate has played me so many tricks, you know," he laughed.

"That must be passed now. The evil spell is broken, and you are released from it, like the prince in a fairy tale," she answered, laughing lightly, as they turned toward home. "We have been away too long. They must have missed us. I want to avoid questions. Let us go straight back."

Dick and Kitty were watching when, just at tea time, the two came in.

Mrs. Overton had been too much taken up with her visitor's admiration of her flowers to notice the absence of her niece, and Dennis was too pleased at seeing Barbara come in to remember that she had been gone. But Kitty was indignant, and Dick faithfully reflected her mood. So they sat in solemn displeasure, casting withering glances at the unconscious Barbara, while the others chatted merrily around the tea table in happy ignorance of the mountain of wrath that was rolling up against two of the number.

Alone in her room Kitty essayed a reproof.

"Bab, dear," she began, very gently, "I couldn't treat poor Dennis so badly as you do."

"Well, Kitty, you needn't," seemingly very sleepily.

"Barbara, it's a shame! What would papa say?"

"I don't know. Maybe he would agree with you, so go to bed now and finish the scolding tomorrow."

"Barbara, I must talk tonight. Dennis will notice it. Think of that, and leave off your flirtation with this stranger who can be nothing to us. He isn't worth——"

A gentle little sigh from Barbara told Kitty how useless it was to go on. The girl was fast asleep—or pretended to be!

"I wish we were safe at home," Kitty mused, looking down at the beautiful face, now strangely pale. "My heart never ached so there, and Barbara was safe."

After a time she went to sleep and forgot her presentiment of evil in dreams of the little Virginia home tucked away under the vines, and the white-haired old rector who waited there for his children.

The next morning was hot and close, and as the afternoon came on a curious stillness settled down over the world.

Kitty was restless and unhappy. Barbara sat quietly on the piazza with Dennis. Mr. Douglas had not come down from the hotel.

At the other end of the piazza Dick was reading to Kitty, who swung restlessly in a hammock, and paid very little attention to his reading.

"I don't like the way Bab looks. I'm sure something is going to happen, Dick," she said, closing the book.

"There, you've lost the place! It's going to storm, Kitty, that's all," Dick said.

"Don't read any more," persisted the girl. "How can you? I'm so miserable! There is certainly a change in Barbara."

"Maybe it's for the better," Dick said, hopefully.

"No; she's like this horrid day, somehow. She's too calm. See how white she is, and her eyes are nearly black. They are like the river when I saw it this morning. It all means something."

"You are nervous. Dennis must look after you. Tell me what it is you dread?" said Dick, coaxingly.

Kitty shook her short curls.

"Tell me, and I'll register a vow to spend myself in averting the danger! I will, indeed," insisted Dick.

Kitty leaned over so that her pretty lips touched his ear, and at first Dick was too unutterably happy to hear the low whisper.

"What is it?" he whispered in a carefully lowered voice that was plainly audible at the other end of the piazza. And again she said, softly:

"I'm afraid she is going to run away."

Dick forgot the lips so near his ear, the warm breath on his cheek.

"Not with——"

She laid his hand over his mouth——"

"Hush! You roar when you try to whisper," she said.

"Is Dennis going to let her do that?" demanded Dick. "Why, the man is a stranger. What would her father say? You must be mistaken Kitty."

"I hope I am. I shall write to papa tonight and beg him to send for us. Oh, it's dreadful!"

"It must be that the rising storm affects you, Kitty," anxiously.

"You talk as if I were a pan of sweet milk, or a batch of salt-rising bread, or a barometer!" she said, all her wrath turning on the unfortunate Dick. "Storms never affect me. I thought you knew as much as that."

"This one will, unless you get inside. There is the rain!" Dick exclaimed, and Kitty, her chin held high and her pretty nose in the air, swept past him and went into the house.

Outside the trees tossed themselves like chained creatures, and the wind screamed and roared down the mountain like a savage beast released from long confinement. The rain and hail dashed against the walls, and here and there a window gave way. Darkness settled down as if night had come, and the people in the house gathered in the brightest room and tried not to see the livid lightning that now and then cut its awful way through the terrible darkness. A storm in the mountains, magnified by a hundred echoes and rendered furious by the hills that rose against its awful course!

Music and laughter could not drown the crashing peals of thunder nor the screaming of the wind. And beyond these sounded, with ever-increasing distinctness, the roaring of the river as it swept madly on to the bay.

Suddenly Kitty stood in the parlor door, her face white, her blue eyes wild with fear.

"Dick! Dennis! Barbara is gone, gone! Gone in the storm!" she cried.

CHAPTER III.

A MAN'S TEMPTATION.

"Gone! In this storm?" Dick cried, springing from his chair.

"Barbara, did you say? You are frightened, Kitty. She is in her room writing to her father. She left me for that. Come inside, dear; the storm has unnerved you," said Doctor Donnelly, going over to Kitty and taking her little fluttering hands in his strong clasp.

She looked at him with miserable eyes.

"No, I have been there, Dennis. The letter is finished and Barbara is gone! Don't you understand, even now?"

"She must have gone to bed," Mrs. Overton said, roused from her nap by the unusual excitement. "She was afraid of the storm and went to bed, that's all."

Kitty looked around her and wrung her hands.

"Won't you see what has happened! Oh, Dennis, don't you know? Must I tell you? Dick has followed her. Don't you understand? She has—run away with Mr. Douglas!"

"Kitty!"

"You'll believe me when it is too late," as a servant passed through the hall. "Where is my sister?"

"I don't know certainly, ma'am; she went in a carriage that has little more than left the gate," begging your pardon, ma'am, it seems a bad night for a young lady to be out."

"I told you, Dennis; I told you! The little church—I think. Let's go and save her!"

"Not you, Kitty, not in this storm! Wait here," Dennis commanded, in his quiet way. But when he went she followed him.

"I am going to help save Barbara," she said, walking quickly on, struggling bravely against the storm.

A dim light streamed from the open door of the little church as they neared it, and in the light they could see the dim outlines of a carriage.

"They are here! Oh, if Dick was in time to prevent it!" Kitty panted, as they passed on.

Then, through the beating of the rain and the roaring of the wind and the river came the sharp report of a pistol. With a cry Kitty hurried on, keeping up with the silent man, whose white face she could see only when the lightning flashed wierdly across it.

They were nearer now, and in the stream of light they could see dimly the struggling forms of two men, and as they looked a flash of brighter light shot into the darkness, and again the sharp report of a pistol rang out. Suddenly the carriage dashed off, and the struggling forms clung more closely together, at the very edge of the light.

"The precipice! They are going toward it!" screamed the girl, as she dashed forward to the top of the cliff against the wind that vainly endeavored to beat her fiercely back.

"Stop, stop! Dick, stop!" she cried. But even as the cry left her lips a flash of lightning parted the darkness, and in the awful night they saw on the brink of the cliff a man throw up his hands and then sink back into the darkness.

"He has fallen over, and oh, heaven! There is the train!"

The piercing shriek of the locomotive echoed among the hills, the wind screamed wildly, and the swollen river roared hoarsely as the train swept round the curve and was gone.

Dennis grasped the man who staggered back from the edge of the cliff.

"Dick! What have you done?" he cried.

The frightened little pastor of the church cowered in the doorway, while the servant who had come as a witness crouched at his feet.

"The lady will be killed!" he cried. "The horses are running away in the storm!"

"Barbara is in the carriage! I was too late! I tried to induce her to go back to the hotel, and he fought like a wild beast. I think he shot me. We must see what has become of him."

Dennis turned to the little minister.

"Get the nearest horse and follow the carriage at once," he said.

Then Dick went into the church and brought out a small lantern, and the three went down to the railroad track, but no sign of a human being could they find. Up the overhanging cliff the low stunted oaks were groaning and tossing in the wind as it rushed past them. Up and down Dennis carried the tiny ring of light, patiently searching every inch of ground. At last, on the very brink of the river, they found a torn coat and a pocketbook that had fallen from it.

"He is not here," Dennis said.

"The river!" groaned Kitty. "Oh, Dick, what are we to do?"

"You are to go back to the house, Kitty," said Dennis. "There is nothing to do here. Go with Dick. He is hurt—we don't know how much. I will see if the horses have been stopped."

"Dennis, he is dead, dead! He could not have fallen on the track. Oh, the river—he is there!"

As Kitty spoke they all turned toward the river, and a flash of lightning revealed the boiling, seething water as it rushed on, tossing logs and trees and parts of ruined mountain cabins on its angry bosom.

It was many hours later when they brought Barbara home through the storm and laid her down in her own pretty room. She moaned continually, and her only thought seemed to be for the man who had struggled so fiercely on the verge of the cliff, and who had gone down to meet the dark waters below.

"What have you done with him, Dennis?" she moaned. "What have you done with my husband?" she asked, over and over again, as they tried in vain to comfort her. At last she fell asleep under the influence of an opiate Dennis had given her. Then they left him alone with her for a little while, and he sat watching her beautiful, unconscious face.

"Barbara," he whispered, "how much better it would be if you never waked again! And I could have it so if I only dared. But I am not brave enough! You must live and suffer on, little one."

He was kneeling now, kissing the girl's white, limp hands.

"Shall I let you sleep on," he whispered tenderly, "to wake by-and-bye far away from all the pain that is waiting for you here? For it is waiting for you, dear. Your lips are sweet and smiling now, but tomorrow they will be drawn with pain. Your cheeks are like wild roses now; tomorrow they will be white."

He brushed back, with gentle, caressing touch, her golden hair and reverently kissed her white brow. Even in the old days he had never kissed her lips, and he had no right now.

"And I loved you so!" he cried. "The pangs of the lost would be heaven to me if I bore them for you! Yet I would have given you to him if I had known, for your happiness was all I wanted, dear!"

Outside the storm raged on. As Dennis knelt there the wind sobbed piteously, and the rain fell softly against the windows, as if the spirit of the storm wept over the ruin it had wrought.

Alone the heart-broken man knelt there with the tempter ever at his side. One of the little powders now and another after a while, and the white lids of the woman he loved would never be lifted again!

He arose and went over to the table, and his hands were steady as he measured out the powder—slowly, carefully, like an old, old man. He moved toward the bed where the sleeping girl lay, the powder ready in his hand.

"This will break the cord that would draw you back to your agony, dear," he whispered. "I knew that I should not fail you in your bitter need, my darling."

As he reached the couch a door at the other side of the room opened, and Mrs. Overton entered the room.

"You here?" she asked. "Will she need another parlor tonight?"

The spoon clicked sharply against the glass as the doctor set it down. "Not before morning," he said. "She will sleep tonight."

He was the calm, self-possessed physician now, and he was thinking curiously of the half-crazed lover who had knelt there a little while ago.

"Where is Dick?" he asked. "I am glad his wounds amount to nothing."

"He is in the parlor with Kitty," was the reply. "Poor young things! This night's work will bring trouble to them."

The doctor felt his patient's pulse, listened a moment to her breathing, and left the room. Mrs. Overton watched his movements with a surprised look in her eyes.

"Such a man," she mused. "He surely was not in love with her, after all. They had better left her alone."

(To be continued next week.)

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

THE AWAKENING OF THE CITY.

BY TOM HALL.

"The red sun rises o'er the sea,
The smoke clouds lift, the damp departs,
Wan men slink home noiselessly,
With surfeited and scurvied hearts.

"A woman, watcher of the dead,
Throws wide a blind and scans the sky
That hides the sinning soul that's fled—
And seeing nothing, wonders why.

"The tragedy of Night is played,
The comedy of Day's begun,
Falsehood in robes of truth arrayed
Strides to the footlights of the sun.

"The whistles shriek; the wild bells ring
Until the time-reft rafters shake;
Carts rumble, birds begin to sing—
New York, the monster, is awake."

THE HERO OF MANILA.

Did Thwarted Love Inspire His Fierce Bombardment?—Conquered Once by a Pedagogue.

Acting Admiral Dewey, "Manila" Dewey from now on, is a down East Yankee—a Vermonter at that. It is because they are the best business men in the world that the New Englanders are famous, and "Manila" Dewey is as good a business man as any of his tribesmen. It happenes that naval fighting is his business, and he was naturally as thorough at the transaction in Manila harbor as any kinsman was at trade in salted codfish or life insurance.

All mothers will tell the same stories of their babies, and the difference in small boys is only one of environment. It is when they go a-wooing that men first show in distinct and individual colors.

George Dewey was a Count's rival for a fair lady's hand twenty or more years ago—a Spanish count at that. The lady was Miss Virginia Woodbury Lowery, of Washington, now the Countess D'Arcos, a very fair American, kin to the Lees, Blairs and other great families of Virginia and Maryland.

At the time of the rivalry the future Admiral was a not overprominent naval officer, and the future Count was only Jack Brunnetti, attache of the Spanish legation—and both were equally distasteful to the matrimonial plans old Archibald Lowery had hatched for his daughter. It was to the account of filial duty the lady charged her declination of the honor the American officer offered. Filial duty also interfered with Brunetti, but she waited for him twelve or fifteen years, until he became Count D'Arcos and Ambassador to Mexico. Then the father relented, and there was a gorgeous wedding, and the talk of it brought back to the Washington groups the incident of the rivalry, and George Dewey, then captain in the United States navy, was more talked about than he had been when the steamship Mississippi burned under him at Port Hudson during the civil war. It is said that Count D'Arcos was talked of as successor to Minister Dupuy de Lome.

FOUGHT WITH THE VENGEANCE OF A DISCARDED LOVER.

Incidentally Dewey had not pined and waited. He knew when he was beaten in courtship, however, dense on that point he may be in war, and drew off, leaving the enemy in possession of the field.

Miss Lowery became the Countess D'Arcos three years ago. Admiral Dewey has been a widower about as long, and a son of his graduated at Princeton last year.

If anything possessed the Admiral's mind as he sat in the conning tower of his flagship and directed the most brilliant naval battle of his time, last week, except the business in hand it was probably a sense of satisfaction at the fact that the masses of death-charged iron and steel that were smashing the enemy's ships by his direction were directed at Spanish targets. No man ever quite forgives a successful rival, and such a getting even, vivacious as the penalty paying was, does not come to many men.

Dewey was born in a big sprawling colonial house on State street, Montpelier, Vermont. Old Dewey, his father, was well-to-do, partly by inheritance and partly by his efforts in the direction of placing life insurance.

When he was old enough the future Admiral used to be taken to church by his parents (they being Episcopalians) in a stately family barouche, whose style and silver trimmed harness is still recalled with awe and pride in Montpelier, where nobody dies and everybody remembers everybody else's forbears and all about them.

For the sake of the example it is regrettable that George Dewey should not have been a model lad at school. He was not. His schoolmates testify that he was a thorn in the flesh of a good old pedagogue, who used to praise him before the school for his scholarship and flog him magnificently and with equal publicity for putting red pepper in the stove, making the girls cry and similar crimes. His distinctive mark under this sort of fire was to stoically wait until the teacher was tired out and then look him in the eye and ask if he had finished.

When he was a big boy he could thrash any of his school mates, and was always willing to do it. He was the leader of a number of young reprobates who stood one teacher on his head in a snow heap, barricaded the school against another, and generally made the district school of Montpelier a horror to the man who had to teach there.

WAS A TERROR TO HIS TEACHERS.

Teacher after teacher had to give it up. But that school of boys, which gloried in its evil reputation, met its match at last. Major Z. K. Jangborn took charge of the school. He was not a giant physically, but he was wiry and not afraid. He had not taught two days before he faced the usual insurrection. He prepared for it with a rawhide and several hickory sticks of handy length. More lay unostentatiously in the wood-box, ready to his hand.

The boys began to have fun with him. When he ordered them to their seats young Dewey stepped forward and politely told the teacher they were going to give him the best licking he had ever had. Then he struck at the teacher.

It must have been hot on the flagship at Manila when the Spanish ships and the Spanish forts were firing on him as fast as their guns could be served, but it could not have been as warm for Dewey as it was that day in Montpelier when he struck at teacher Pangborn. That rawhide came into action and licked around his shoulders like tongues of lightning. The other boys of the future Admiral's squadron, and they were all men in everything but years, rallied to their leader's support.

Then the enemy's hickory sticks came into action, and they went down like tenpins. In three minutes Dewey was down, yelling for mercy, and the other boys stood around rubbing lumps as big as goose eggs on their heads.

The conquest was complete.

The teacher led the grand naval commander that was to be to his father.

"He's somewhat the worse for wear, but quite able to go to school."

"Thank you," said Old Dr. Dewey fervently. "George will be at school tomorrow."

THE "AWFUL DEWEY BOY" WAS REFORMED.

Then came the reform of that awful Dewey boy, and the village is wondering yet at its completeness. He brought the other boys into line with him, thrashing any who showed signs of falling into old ways.

To this day Admiral Dewey speaks gratefully of his teacher, and records that thrashing as the best thing that ever happened to him.

It was not long before George Dewey went to the Naval academy.

That was the end of his nonsense. He soon became one of the best among the junior officers. He cruised with the Mediterranean squadron until 1859 and then went home. The firing on Fort Sumter brought him to the front. He received his commission as Lieutenant in April 1861, and was assigned to the steamship Mississippi.

The Mississippi was part of the West Gulf Squadron and it was under Farragut that the man who was to gain laurels equal to Farragut's first saw serious fighting.

The Mississippi went ahead with the flagship in that daring attempt to run past the rebel batteries at Port Hudson. Where the channel was narrowest big guns were mounted on both sides of the stream. So close to them did the Mississippi go that her gunners and the gunners in the forts swore at each other in the intervals of thundering fire. Some of the ships got by, but the Mississippi grounded at the turn. In half an hour 250 solid shot were hurled at the Mississippi. She answered as well as she could while her crew worked amid death to get her off the bank. She was riddled from stem to stern as she lay there.

LET HIS SHIP BURN UNDER HIM.

Then the order was given to spike the guns and abandon the ship. The starboard battery kept up its fire while the wounded were put in the two boats, all the Mississippi carried. The sound men had to swim to the shore opposite the battery. Before they left her the Mississippi was on fire in half a dozen places.

Two men remained on the ship until all the others had gone. These were Captain Smith and his First Lieutenant, George Dewey. The Mississippi floated off after a while alone and blew up.

The Navy department liked Dewey for his bearing during this fearful time and saw he did not lack opportunity to distinguish himself. He was on the gunboats at Fort Donelson in 1862, and from the Agawam he helped in the bombardments on Fort Fisher in December, 1864, and January, 1865.

He got his Lieutenant-Commander's commission in March, 1865, and served on the Kearsarge and the Colorado.

In 1870 he got a ship of his own, the Narragansett. This was the beginning of twenty-eight years of peaceful service, surveying the oceans, inspecting light-houses and showing at water fetes and celebrations. He was in command of the Juniata, of the Asiatic squadron, in 1882, and made the acquaintance of the bay in which he has just gained his famous victory. It was 1884 before he became a captain—promotion in the navy is slow in peace times. They gave him the Dolphin, one of the four new ships that made up the "White Squadron" in the beginning.

His way to the rank of Commodore, for he was only Acting Rear-Admiral at Manila, was through the Pensacola flag ship of the European squadron from 1886 to 1888, the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, of which he was chief until 1893, and the Light House Board, of which he was a member until February 28, 1896, when he was made actual Commodore. Two years longer of bureau and board work, and then in the first of the present year he was transferred to the command of the Asiatic squadron, and what he did there has filled the whole world with admiration.

Countess D'Arcos formerly Miss Virginia Lowery.

A WAR TIME PENELOPE.

(Continued from page one.)

ranks, and their return to their homes, he had discovered a new happiness. Miss Grace Randolph was the eldest daughter of the captain, and he returned to find that he had lost a son in the Confederate army, only to gain a son-in-law from the Yankees. Perhaps he was not easily reconciled to this state of affairs at first, but in the end Caleb cast his lot in new lands.

Still the years rolled on, and none in the isolated town of Trescott knew of the fate of Caleb Preston. Miranda was far beyond the forties now. But she lived in her devotion to her lover, whom she believed was numbered among those who died for their country. The summer boarder had sprung into existence in Trescott, and his arrival added much to the slender purses of the people. Miranda's hair was whiter, but the freshness of her face and figure was not lost. The happiest day of her life was the thirtieth of May, when she placed the wreath beside the headstone of Caleb Preston.

The spring of 18— was an unusually early one, and there were many days in April which were almost like the languorous days of early June. Miranda was unusually happy, and went singing about her work.

"Mother, I don't know why it is that I'm so well, and feel so full o' life this spring!" she exclaimed one day. "It is almost seems as if I could never be tired, and we are so busy all day long with the Spring work that the days pass by like a puff of smoke. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw it was the twentieth of April. I do hope they'll do more than common for Memorial day this year."

This same spring spirit seemed to pervade the patriotic people of Trescott. So advanced had been the season that there was an unusual abundance of flowers. The oldest inhabitant looked up his records and found that he had never experienced such an early spring.

An extra effort had been made to make the Memorial day exercises notable, and the people of the more prosperous Center had volunteered to come over and join in the decorating of the graves. A speaker had been engaged, and a band was coming. All this gave Miranda inexpressible pleasure. She resolved that her wreath should excel all other productions from her devoted hands.

When the day dawned there was not a ripple of a cloud in the heavens, and the sun warmed the hillsides with its genial rays. Crowds gathered on the village green, the center of Trescott, to see the arrival of the people from the Center, and the speaker in his carriage escorted by the band. A great hay wagon was filled with flowers and twined with evergreen, so that no part of its homely, work-a-day use was visible. Four pairs of oxen were hitched to it, also decorated with collars of green and flowers, and their horns adorned with white lilac plumes. Miranda followed, as she had done for many years now, her father driving her in his trim-looking buggy, brand new from Concord. The band played national airs, and the people of Trescott were thrilled as they had never been before. Just at the gate Miranda's father left her, to go on her pilgrimage alone. She was to return to uncle's to lunch at noon, when they would join the people about the speaker's stand in the afternoon.

But at noon no Miranda appeared, and at half-past 12 she was still absent. They began to be uneasy and her father went out to inquire. No one had seen her, and all were too much engaged to trouble themselves about her. The minutes glided by slowly for her old father. Surely something unusual must have happened to keep her away so long. Two o'clock came, and the band played and the eloquent orator began to speak. The people hung upon his words—all except Miranda's frightened relatives.

It was 3 o'clock when Miranda was descried coming across a field. Someone was walking by her side; a well-groomed gentleman, whom no one knew. The interest grew upon the crowd, until the speaker found that he was losing their attention. As they came nearer, there were signs of emotion on the faces of Miranda and the stranger. Shining through the mist of tears in Miranda's face was a great happiness, and as she came nearer and noticed the interest of the people, she blushed like a rose.

Her father stood like one in a trance as she approached him, walking beside her stately companion.

"Father, this is Caleb, come back home," the astonished people heard her say. "And what do you think—he's be'n married all these years!"

This did not seem to make her father very happy, and he was at a loss to tell the secret of his daughter's radiant face.

"But his wife died six years ago, and now he's come back to us—and to me. He loved her true, and was heartbroken at her death, and when his daughter just got married, he thought he would come back to visit his old home. And he saw his own gravestone, and me putting the wreath on the grave and——"

The speaker ended up his oration in short order, and in not very good temper, for he could not understand the confusion. But old friends crowded around the happy pair, and welcomed the old soldier back.

A Vaulting Ambition.

"Edward," said the fond father of the young man who had just gone through college, laying his hand affectionately upon the son's shoulder, "Edward, I have poured out money like water in educating you, but I don't regret it. I have supplied you liberally with means to enable you to fit yourself for some high calling. If you fail it will not be my fault. I am still anxious to help you in any way you may reasonably ask. You have had a long course of preparation for success in life, and now it remains for you to say what vocation you will choose. Don't fear to aim high. What shall it be, my boy?"

The son blew the smoke of a cigarette from his proud nostrils and reflected a moment. "Then I choose the career of a balloon ascensionist," he said; "is that high enough?"

Toasted Crusts.

To the victor belongs the spoils, but the spoils usually spoil the victor.

Necessity knows no law, those knowing no necessity having the law pretty much all on their side.

All is not fair in love and war; if it were, love and war would be such dangerous occupations.

The traitor deserves death—sometimes; it all depends upon what sort of a cause he is traitor to.

Where every fellow is for himself it is probable that the devil will get the foremost rather than the hindmost.

Ouida is a friend to all dogs; she recently wrote a letter to a London boy, who had rebelled against the order for muzzling dogs, and commended him for his kindness to animals, stating that she considered the law a disgrace to England. She also sent the lad a gift of money. Ouida is all right at heart, and most of us agree with her on the subject of muzzling the doggies, but, if the story is true, she erred in backing a boy in the breaking of his city's laws.

DYSPEPSIA.
"I was feeling badly run down in the spring of the year and was played out in general. My appetite was poor, and I could not sleep at night. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, taking several bottles, and it built me up. It gave me a good appetite and I was soon able to get a good night's rest. There is something in the medicine that makes a man feel well and makes him sleep."
GEO. F. WHITNEY,
Proprietor Whitney's Bazaar,
Yeomans St., Ionia, Mich.

SCROFULA.
"I had scrofulous humor since a boy, and it culminated in an abscess as big as an apple on the left side of my neck, the swelling extending from chin to ear. Soon after beginning to take Hood's Sarsaparilla my general health and appetite improved. As I continued with the medicine, the abscess grew smaller and smaller until it disappeared. I have now no soreness on my neck, and know Hood's Sarsaparilla cured."
GEO. D. SIMPSON,
Islington Road, Portsmouth, N. H.

America's Greatest Medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it effects wonderful cures when all others fail. These cures are proved by voluntary testimonials from reliable people, and they establish the merit and a record for Hood's Sarsaparilla never equalled in medical history. Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine because it is most economical. It is America's **Greatest Medicine** because it is prepared on scientific principles by thoroughly educated pharmacists and by a discovery of a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving it merit unequaled by any other medicine. It has over and over again proved its wonderful power as a blood purifier, as a stomach tonic and nerve builder. It is the medicine to which thousands turn at this season. It is the **Best Spring Medicine**

SALT RHEUM.
"My trouble began with nervousness, heart palpitation, that tired feeling, and in hot weather diarrhoea kept me so weak I could not work through harvesting. Then I had to take my bed, and when the doctor got me on my feet, I was in a very bad condition, with no appetite, swollen limbs, unable to sleep. Then Hood's Sarsaparilla came to my rescue, my health improved fast, I sleep well, the swelling went down, and the nervousness ended."
JOAN H. STIVERS,
Mediapolis, Iowa.

"As regularly as spring comes around, my wife and I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we are more than willing to go on record in praise of its merits. It always proves a faithful helper, regulates the system, and its purifying and invigorating powers are felt throughout the body. I tell any of the boys who have dark brown feelings to take Hood's Sarsaparilla."
J. D. GATES, The Hatter,
318 State St., Chicago.

Such testimonials as this—thousands are in our files—should convince you that **Hood's Sarsaparilla** is just the medicine to take in spring.

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to the person sending the best list of words made from the letters in the word CIRCULATION, only using each letter in a word as many times as it appears in "Circulation." Words spelled alike but having different meanings can be used but once. Proper nouns, Scotch Provincial English, and foreign words not allowed, for example: Not, cat, an, no, are some of the words you can make. Many more can be made. We will pay $100 for the largest and best list; $50 for the second; $25 for the third; $10 each for the next ten, and $1 each for the next twenty-five, which we give without consideration for the purpose of securing new subscriptions to "The Home Queen," now 17 years old and more popular than ever. It teaches "CHINA PAINTING" and "ART NEEDLEWORK." MRS. LEMCKE, New York's noted authority, gives ILLUSTRATED LESSONS on COOKING with helpful recipes. You will also find other valuable matter. TO COMPETE in this contest YOU MUST send with your list of words 25 cents in silver for a six months' trial subscription, on receipt of same we will send a coupon good for one of our Queen Patterns found illustrated in "The Home Queen," the retail prices of which are 25 and 35 cents. You get the one you select free if you send 25 cents for a trial 6 months' subscription. We will pay the above prizes June 15th. The names of winners will be printed in "The Home Queen." For our responsibility we refer you to any mercantile agency.
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AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

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AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

PUZZLE
FIND THE PRINCESS.

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Boyce Building, CHICAGO.
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OF ROSE AND PEARL.

How to Have a Fine Complexion, What to Eat and What Not to Eat.

Curious how the letters repeat the anxieties of a thousand women on this vital subject. Lady and school girl, debutante and parlor maid, teacher, and business woman alike desire most of all to know how to improve their faces. It is a laudable desire to be encouraged from press and pulpit. The press does its part—according to its lights, it must be freely owned. The pulpit approves, unofficially, anyhow. The bishop's wife of a notable and well descended name writes for a cosmetic to keep her soft complexion good; the dominies' wives, not a few, are steadily interested; the deaconesses are pleased as possible to be told the simple arts of pleasing and if any class is well attended at Chautauqua, it is the cosmetic courses; physical culture they call it, but they do manage to bring in hints about beautifying which are most ardently absorbed by Endeavorers and Epworths alike. A clear, soft complexion goes admirably with those white mull bonnet ties the deaconesses wear. What an awkward name that is for pious, gifted women to endure! Do call them sisters, which they are, or should be, to all the world. There is no piety in awful bonnets or ugly names, or thick, muddy skins.

What do the oracles say concerning roseate complexions? To own a fair face they tell you that you must not eat pastry or fruit cake, salt fish or smoked fish or made dishes. You must drop tea and coffee for cocoa and the washy decoction known as shells. Chicken salad, lobsters and salmon are under the ban; also turtle soup and Nesselrode pudding—if the woman who wrote that sage advice knew what Nesselrode pudding is, which is doubtful.

My dear woman, the first thing you want to strike off your list of fare is the billsticker's paste served at breakfast, at homes, boarding houses, and restaurants as oatmeal. If you want the plump effect of the grain, take the oatcake, thin and crisp, brown and hot, made of fine oatmeal, salt and water, stirred to a light batter and baked on a griddle. If some of the best hotels would serve this for breakfast the fashion would soon spread, for oatcake is a very nutty, toothsome cake, a breakfast prized by English beauties, with coffee and stewed fruit. Oatmush is oily, concentrated food, only fit for men who work hard in open air, in cool climates. Taken by women and men of city habits it simply clogs the digestive apparatus far worse than the slender bit of pie served twice or thrice a week.

Next you want to drop bread—baker's bread, white, fine, spongy, fresh; also hot breakfast rolls and raised biscuit, white, tempting, the very bait of the serpent. He doesn't ply the modern Eve with an apple; hot raised biscuits and rolls are so much more deadly.

I speak by authority—that of health officers, men at the head of the milling trade, physicians and experienced bakers, both men and women. One of the best known doctors in the country says that the yeast bread of America does wider harm, shortens more lives, works more physical injury than whisky, arraign the yeast bread of our towns as the agent which visits our population with dull, inert perceptions, sluggish brains, weak muscles, unlovely physique, and demoniac tempers, latent and overt. It will take but two generations more of such bread to breed such a degenerate race as will verify the hideous imaginings of sensationalists—of whom I do not wish to be one.

The bread is poor because its best elements are bolted from the flour, which again loses greatly in flavor and nutriment by being ground to a powder, a dust, instead of a flour. Then the bread is poisoned, as much of the beer is poisoned, by yeast which is made of unwholesome materials, fermented to a point not much short of putrefaction change. The yeast of which nine-tenths of our bread is made today is anything but the good hop yeast used thirty years ago. It is drugged to save sound malt and hops, and the bit of ferment every housekeeper buys for a cent to raise her bread is as unfit for human or animal food as a spoonful of tyrotoxicon, the milk poison. In warm weather the fungus in the yeast develops, the bread is "ropy," nauseous and uneatable in odor and taste. This phenomenon is matter of complaint and inquiry among bakers east and west, and the shrewdest trace it directly to the yeast and the dangerous ferments it contains. Such bread as a staple of food cannot give good complexions, good brains or strength. The unhealthy ferment enters the blood and all

Little Tots Summer Suits.

the tissues of the body. It is the cause of bilious internal disorders, and of much of the skin eruption too frightfully frequent. It is one great reason why nine hundred people in a thousand are old and infirm at sixty-five and die at seventy-two, when they ought to live and love and laugh into the nineties, more comely and sounder than they are at fifty.

In short advice, you cannot improve a poor skin but by going back to home-made yeast and bread of the right sort. Pie, properly made, is far less injurious than the baker's bread we now eat.

So with the rest of the tabooed foods and drinks. Fruit cake, made right, should be a staple food for home and export. Exporters say that savages everywhere go wild over canned fruit cake and plum pudding. They bring their pearls and ivory and sharks' teeth and corra in exchange for civilized dainties, when ropes of beads and brilliant plaids and high silk hats have lost their attraction. Nothing is better food for the Klondike than mince pie and fruit cake, and they will not injure the stay-at-homes taken with discretion. They are safer than the villainous potato as seen at ten thousand tables three times a day. You may as well eat tuberculous beef as tuberculous potato, that has decay on its coat or spread through its waxen yellow, strong-smelling interior. The amount of disease taken through unwholesome, unsound potatoes and appless will scare people when it comes to be known. Fully one-third the potatoes served at public tables, including boarding houses, are unfit to eat, and positively dangerous. If leprosy ever gains foothold here, it will be through such unwholesome food, long and unthinkingly absorbed, until the system is charged with fungus elements. The eruptions common on the faces of young people are warnings that the general conditions advance toward this undesirable state. People are afraid of being called fussy and notional about their food and habits. If one is approved for refusing lead nickels and chipped quarters, he surely ought to be for refusing imperfect food. And no woman need inquire a remedy for her poor complexion so long as she is careless about what she eats. The art of living well is not one to be picked up in a week or two. Next time you may expect directions for food which will improve the skin.

Elebron—For a simple cosmetic use fresh cream, which will soften the face and whiten it, applied at night. Cream and milk are good for the skin, used outside, and cream is a fair skin food. Wasting babies can be rubbed with warm cream or put in warm milk baths to advantage.

Donna—The bad air of sleeping rooms has much to do with ill-conditioned hair. For the moist, scurfy scalp, brush in half a teaspoonful of vaseline at the roots nightly in a warm place. In a few minutes use the fine comb thoroughly, which does not imply that the skin is to be taken off by the process. Wipe the hair with flannel, and have a current of air in your bedroom, enough to keep the air pure. In the morning pour a tablespoonful of alcohol or strong cologne in a teacup of hot water, and wet the roots of the hair with it with a sponge. Let this dry before dressing the hair. The nightly fine combing should take three minutes. It not only clears the hair of dust, but stimulates the scalp.

Crazy Kate seems to be going crazy because her hair comes out by handfuls and refuses to grow. Not an unreasonable state of feeling for the cause. There really is nothing better than an old hair recipe which made a fortune for its owner. Eight ounces of castor oil shaken up with one-half ounce of liquid ammonia (not the kitchen ammonia, in five tablespoonfuls of hot water. Put the ingredients in a bottle which they will half fill, cork tight and shake until the oil turns creamy. Brush a spoonful into the roots of the hair nightly. Perfume the oil with half a teaspoonful of oil of lavender. The ammonia kills other scents.

Fred's girl may drive away cold sores and solitary pimples by touching the spot with clear listerine, which is sold for ten cents an ounce. Use it once an hour, taking care not to break the skin. If you have time, wet a little pad of linen and hold to the sore three minutes hourly. Take a teaspoonful of Rochelle salts the first thing in the morning, or a full dose of citrate of magnesia during the day.

Fat Folks.

I am a trained nurse; 7 years ago I reduced 40 pounds by a harmless remedy; have not regained; have nothing to sell; enclose stamp and I will tell you how it was done. MRS. J. H. TOPPING, 251 Amsterdam avenue, New York, N. Y.

The queen has sent the German Emperor, through his mother, a magnificent album full of photographs of the Jubilee celebration.

Boys' Secret Society—Membership Free.

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Buckles.

The enormous waist buckles which are at present so much in favor in Paris are direct descendants of the brobdignagian d'Artois shoe buckles named after the famous Comte d'Artois, brother of the French king, Louis IX. In fact, all waist buckles are descendants of shoe buckles, not only in France, but in England—in London as much as in Paris. When shoe buckles died out, waist buckles came in. Fashion changed the location of these articles of adornment from the extremities of the gentlemen of King Charles II.'s court to the waists of their attendant ladies.

But shoe buckles lasted long enough to become, in the hands of the rich and frivolous, an excuse for extravagances. Their prices rose from 25 cents to upwards of $50 a pair, and varied between that and very much larger amounts. Two and a half millions of them were being made every year, when, for some inexplicable reason, the demand dwindled and died.

A vigorous but unsuccessful attempt was made to revive the fashion. Four thousand buckle makers of Birmingham appealed to the Prince of Wales. The obliging prince promised to assist them by every means in his power. He wore buckles himself, and enjoined their use upon the members of his household; but the dictates of fashion were not to be over-ruled. Probably some old makers are engaged in the recently revived trade in waist buckles, which, however, flourishes principally in France. In Paris today the well-dressed boulevardieres are on the high road to rival the old magnificence and extravagance in the matter of these pretty trinkets. Some that are worn resemble a mass of serpents intertwined, with jeweled heads, and long protruding jewelled fangs. M. D.

JACKETS AND SKIRTS.

Negligee Dressing Jackets Can Be Made From Great Variety of Materials.

The variety in negligee dressing jackets is more fascinating than ever this season. They are made of the daintiest striped French flannel and light cashmeres, lined with silk. White cashmere, with a pink or blue lining, shows a tinge of color through, and with ribbons to match and a little lace the jacket is irresistible. It may be made with a yoke and two box plaits in the back, a blouse front with a belt of ribbon tied in a bow in front, and a round, deep collar, trimmed with rows of gathered ribbon in two narrow widths, alternated an inch apart over the entire collar.

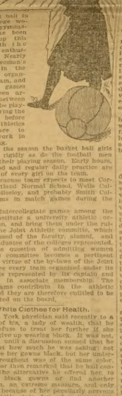
Other jackets are like the new blouse coats, with a belt of lace insertion with ribbon run underneath, and opening on the side with a lace frill. The simplest little lounging jacket is the "Geisha," made of French flannel in straight breadths, very full. The back is cut wide enough to shir in at the middle, and plain on the shoulders. The front is gathered into the shoulder seams and the sleeves are straight breaths, fully a yard wide, hanging open a little below the elbow and shaped off a very little on the inside seam. The whole jacket is lined with pale blue china silk, which turns up on the right side, forming a three-inch band all around the bottom, front and sleeves. It is turned in and stitched on the machine. Very elaborate jackets are made of accordion-plaited pink and blue china silk, striped with cream lace insertion and trimmed elaborately with lace.

Taffetas are the most popular silks used for petticoats, and all the skirts have two or more ruffles to give the fluffy effect at the bottom. They are made with the Spanish flounce for the lower half of the skirt, and the other ruffles are sewn on this. Cording, trimming, pinking and tucks finish the edges of some of these ruffles, but accordion-plaited flounces are the latest; two or three, as you can afford. They have narrow hems, are trimmed with three or four rows of narrow black satin ribbon, or are cut in broad points, which are narrow after the ruffle is plaited. Some of the ruffles are plaited on a machine which crinkles as it plaits, giving a very pretty effect.

One skirt of green taffeta has one wide accordion-plaited flounce, with one narrow pinked ruffle on the edge and two pinked ruffles set in on the edge underneath.

Plaid silks and Roman stripes make very effective petticoats, with two accordion-plaited ruffles, and to finish the bottom of the skirt any number of smaller ruffles. For every-day wear or traveling economical women wear black alpaca petticoats, trimmed in one deep ruffle, the deep ruffle covered in narrow satin ribbon, put on an inch apart and finished at the top by a wider satin ribbon box-plaited. Some of the skirts are made of several shades of silks, varying from the lightest to the deepest mauve, pink to scarlet and canary to orange.

Champion Basket Ball Team.



Basket ball in the college women's gymnasiums has been taken up this year with the keenest enthusiasm. Nearly every woman's college in the east has organized a team, and match games have been arranged between them to be played off during the months before indoor athletics give place to track work in the spring.

During the season the basket ball girls train as rigidly as do the football men through their playing season. Early hours, plain food and regular daily practice are required of every girl on the team.

The Syracuse team expects to meet Cornell, Cortland Normal School, Wells College, Wellesley, and probably Smith College teams in match games during the winter.

These intercollegiate games among the girls constitute a university athletic organization, and bring them under the ruling of the Joint Athletic committe, which is composed of the faculty, alumni, and undergraduates of the colleges represented. Thus the question of admitting women into this committee becomes a pertinent one. By virtue of the by-laws of the Joint committee every team organized under its control is represented by its captain and manager in associate membership. The girls' teams contribute to the athletic fund, and they are therefore entitled to be represented on the board.

White Clothes for Health.

A New York physician said recently to a patient of his, a lady of wealth, that he would refuse to treat her further if she did not give up wearing black. It was not, however, until a discussion ensued that he found out how much he was asking; not only were her gowns black, but her underwear throughout was of the same color. The doctor then remarked that he had considered the alternative he offered her, to abandon black gowns or find another physician, an extreme measure, and only justified because of her peculiarly nervous and neurotic state, but when it came to discovering that she had nothing but black clothes upon her person he would refuse to treat anybody so dressed. The "peculiarly nervous and neurotic state" he considered largely explained by this dress alone.

He succeeded in affecting a change in this patient's attire throughout, insisting on white, all white underclothes, and as much use of white in the outer garments as was practicable. There are hundreds of women similarly ill, and dressed as she once was, who have no idea that anything but a question of taste is involved in the color of their garments. They would not expect a plant covered up from the sun by repeated layers of black cloth to flourish, but they do not know that light and sunshine are necessary to their bodies. They think if they see it, if their eyes are blessed thereby, and thus their minds cheered, that light has performed its good work upon them. The whole body needs light, and sunshine is well recognized as having the most valuable healing properties; upon the nervous system it acts with especial force, and sleeplessness, nervous headaches and irritability can often all be cured by sun baths alone. But physical ills can be prevented oftener still simply by wearing light clothing. The outward dress it may be impracticable to always govern with an eye single to this one consideration, but the underclothing can and should be always white. Every instinct of the nicest taste leads to the same conclusion. Nothing else gives such assurance of that exquisite cleanliness which is the most decorative thing possible, and the fact that it interposes the least possible barrier to the health-giving rays of the light is conclusive in its favor.

Summer Duck Suits.

DRESSING TABLE IDEAS.

Some of the New Chiffonier Bits Are Especially Charming.

The new pincushion measures from eighteen to twenty-four inches in length, about five inches in diameter; covered with white or black guipure lace, or pretty drawn work, over a gaily-tinted satin and frilled all down its long sides and very narrow ends. Such odd and pretty cushions that have absolutely run the fat, round, and square ones out of fashion can be made at home out of odds and ends or bought in simple or exquisitely expensive materials ready made at the shops.

Another bit of dressing table prettiness they are selling, and very cheaply, too, is bisque figures eight or ten inches high, of watteau shepherdness and Greek girls, into whose outspread porcelain aprons or draperies rings and brooches, hairpins, buckles and stick pins are dropped, while round their necks boughs are slipped and the little figure proves as useful a jewelry rack as a pleasing ornament. Added to these there are brand new atomizers of plain or cut glass with silver gilt screw tops. In place of squeezing a rubber bulb, a slender shaft of silver gilt is pressed down in the center of the stopper and a fragrant spray flies out from a tiny vent in one side. Over this vent, by the way, a cap screws when the atomoizer is not used, and the perfumed liquid does not evaporate.

The sachets are big fellows this time of satin, made exactly in the form of a brobdingnag letter envelope. Inside these flat, square bags of perfume are placed, with a bright-colored wax and huge ornamental seal the flap is fastened, and on the reverse side, by means of dipping a pen in liquid gilt or silver, the satin envelope is addressed to the recipient of the gift, and a canceled stamp is pasted in the proper corner.

Perfume chatelaines are also among the novelties for women. Three long, slim crystal bottles, with gilt screw tops, are encased to their necks in covers of gay figured silk or satin, then by ribbons they are all attached to a dainty gilt hook studded with mock jewels, to fasten in a woman's belt. One bottle is filled with sal volatile, one with good salts and the third with cologne. They are meant for wear when calling, at the church, the theater, etc.

Gun metal lorgnon chains and hatpins are most prominent among the inexpensive bits of holiday jewelry, and for a dainty writing desk there are now folding blotters covered with prettily painted birch bark pen racks in the shape of Indian birch canoes, little silver handles to screw on the end of sticks of sealing wax and more attractive still, small silver dippers with ebony handles. The dipper bowl is full of wax, and when held a moment over a candle flame enough melted wax can be neatly poured out for a tidy, round seal.

In place of the ordinary silver calendar holders, they are selling miniature carved wood, painted porcelain or silver grandfather's clocks, on the faces of which the hands point to the day and the month, and these dates are regulated by a screw behind.

The Beautifying Box.

As warm weather draws near face powder becomes almost a necessity if one desires to appear above and not "under the weather," for a shiny, greasy complexion will spoil the freshest and prettiest toilet imaginable. Few women are aware of the value of soft tissue paper, such as men use when shaving, if used to remove moisture and "shine" from the skin before powder is applied. Soap and warm water, with a thorough rinsing in clear warm water, must of course, be used once a day; after that the paper should be applied whenever the face needs cleaning. The case for holding this paper should be very like the shaving-paper cases we have been making for years for brothers and cousins and uncles, but just double the size, so that each sheet may be as large as a full-sized handkerchief. Any woman who tries this paper for a week will wonder how she has ever done without it.

If powder is used luxuriously every day after the bath (and, by the way, when the powder is daintily perfumed it is a very subtle method of making my lady a flower-like presence) it becomes, if bought in the ordinary way, a rather expensive item. A dime and very little time and labor will supply a pint boxful. The same amount ready made would probably cost 50 cents. Half a pound of ordinary starch is to be well crushed under the rolling pin, mixed with two ounces of fresh powdered orris root, then put through an ordinary sifter and afterward shaken through a bag of book muslin. The orris root should be bought at a reliable wholesale druggist's, for, if fresh, the odor will be almost precisely that of newly gathered violets.

A simple and efficacious cure for pimples should be kept in the beautifying box. The very thing is a little "flour of sulphur" (an ounce cost a few cents), blended with sufficient spirits of camphor to make a paste. The instant there is a hint of such disfigurement rub a little of the paste on the spot over night, and it should disappear by morning.

No "beautifying box" is complete without soap bags for the bath. These may be made of cheese cloth, or, better still, knitted or crocheted from soft, coarse cotton, like that used for knitting washrugs. The softness and delicacy of the skin after using for a week a bag cunningly filled will insure its constant use. The filling should be a quart of bran, a tablespoonful of freshly powdered orris root, the same of almond and half an ordinary cake of white castile soap, shaved in thin strips; mix well. The bags should be made with a drawing string.

Rock salt does not suggest anything very dainty, but if a quart is allowed to melt occasionally in the warm water for my lady's bath it will tone up the skin and thus help to bring a dainty flush to the cheek.

OLD GLORY.

BY IATAN.

Hail, flag of my country! Let thy story be read
In the depth of each star, of each stripe, and each fold,
In the visions that wake from the hush of the dead
And portray the dark clouds of the carnage of old,

'Till I see—or I seem to behold—the array
Where men fall like the leaves in the hurricane's breath,
Where the Black Angel broods o'er the fearful affray
And the earth drinks the blood of the harvest of Death.

That wrong between brother and brother shall cease,
'Till I weigh well the price that brave Liberty shed,
In her smybol, that hallows the cradle of peace
And shadows her homes and the tombs of her dead.

Wave on 'till the ultimate campfire's last gleaming
Dies away, as the footsteps of centuries fall,
'Till God's reign fills the void of Earth's yearning and dreaming,
One Union triumphant, one flag over all.

TO BE A WHITE SEASON.

Coming Summer Styles Strongly Resemble Those of the Early '60.

New York City.—We are going to have a white summer. By some odd coincidence or strange chord of sympathy, our organdies and lawns and piques; our ruffles and ruches, insertions and puffs and tucks are all taken, apparently, out of the old fashion books of the early '60s; and much as women dressed when last their talk was of comforts and clothes for soldiers, so—minus the hoop skirts—are they dressing now. Rosettes, fringes, Chantilly shawls, even artificial flowers for the hair, all are back again. We are ready for white muslin, blue sashes and flat hats with wreaths of roses.

There is one important difference, and it is not in our favor; the sound of ripping and rending, of the parting of a skirt from its foundations, is heard in the land much oftener than when crinoline kept our flounces off the floor. Wherever women are gathered, whether at a church or reception or theater, there (if the average well-intentioned man is present also, and who wishes to dispense with him?) the heart-breaking noise of snapping and tearing has become horribly familiar, telling the story of another long gown trodden on. At the last meeting of a certain notable women's club the effect of an impassioned appeal for patriotism was marred by a sudden loud report that swerved the sympathies of every person present from the eloquent speaker to the mortified little lady in black lace petticoats, whose entrance her careless escort—another speaker—had so cruelly emphasized. The crux of the misery in all such cases is the impossibility of knowing just what damage has been done. Il faut souffrir pour etre belle has no application; it is necessary to suffer, and, perhaps, be extremely unbeautiful.

SUMMER SHIRT WAIST.

The summer girl's devotion to the shirt waist is now a matter of history. Fickle she may be in some things, but to these dainty, convenient waists she remains constant and true.

The cotton shirt waists are just now receiving their perennial welcome, and every type of woman may be found at the counters in the big shops where they are displayed.

It was the summer girl who was first introduced to the shirt waist and it was she who first wore it, but since then all women, old and young, have followed her example in not only adopting it themselves, but in never ceasing to sing its praises.

The new shirt waists differ but little in general design from those worn last year, but if possible more tucks are in evidence, and such tiny tucks as they are. There are shirt waists with tucked yokes and tucked sleeves, and others which are entirely a mass of tucks. Then there are also shirred yokes.

There is the shirt waist which shows the blouse effect, and the clinging shirt waist designed specially for the tailor-made girl.

There are shirt waists in plenty with a box plaited front, and then again shirt waists which are trimmed with a frill of embroidery down the left side.

Sleeves are conspicuously smaller and the shirt waists are better made than ever before. They are warranted to stand unharmed even the attacks of the careless laundress.

The Roman striped shirt waists and those in dashing plaids are the most popular patterns of the season. Vivid color effects are all the vogue. Some of the newest plaids show diamond-shaped blocks of color instead of squares. Big and little checked patterns are popular, and shaded checks are seen. All the shirt waists are conspicuous in their color combinations.

Those which are most durable are made of madras, pique, duck, and thick gingham. These waists are particularly desirable for traveling, for shopping, and for rough and ready wear.

The shirt waists of the sheerer fabrics are many of them not only beautiful but most artistic. The new organdies are works of art. Of course they have to be made up over a foundation, but this glimpse of color only adds to their effectiveness. The shirt waist of dimity, corded batiste and lawn are all as fresh and inviting as possible. All the shirt waists are made to be worn with an adjustable collar. It is only with the very elaborate waists of sheer material that the linen collar should not be worn.

TWIN GREENS.

BY H. GIOVANNOLI.

"When gentle spring time comes," she wrote,
"Reclothing bush and tree,
And nature takes a greener hue—
'Tis then I think of thee."

"Ah, greener hue," he murmured,
As he madly beat his head,
And weeks passed by in silence
As she wondered what she'd said.

Free Medical Advice

You need a doctor many times when you don't call one. You suffer pain in fifty forms and you won't call the doctor, because you hope that the pain "will go away after a while." And, too, you know by experience, that the first visit of the doctor is generally followed by many others, with the inevitable consequence of a big bill "for professional services." You don't know what to do for yourself or what to take.

But suppose that you could get free, absolutely free, the advice of one of the most

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in the United States? You can. The physician is right here. He has an office in the building, he has a staff of correspondents to assist him, and anyone and everyone, who needs medical advice is invited to write to him. If it's baby's health or mother's or the health of any member of the family you may write about it, sure of a careful reading of your letter, sure of a conscientious diagnosis of your case.

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AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

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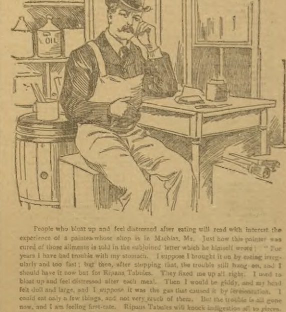

People who bloat up and feel distressed after eating will read with interest the experience of a painter whose shop is in Machias, Me. Just how this painter was cured of those ailments is told in the subjoined letter which he himself wrote: "For years I have had trouble with my stomach. I suppose I brought it on by eating irregularly and too fast; but after stopping that, the trouble still hung on, and I should have it now but for Ripans Tabules. They fixed me up all right. I used to bloat up and feel distressed after each meal. Then I would be giddy, and my head felt dull and large, and I suppose it was the gas that caused it by fermentation. I could eat only a few things, and not very much of them. But the trouble is all gone now, and I am feeling first-rate. Ripans Tabules will knock indigestion all to pieces. The first time I saw the Tabules, a traveling man at Clare's Hotel gave me two to try."

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Their fleet at the Philippines was regarded as a kind of security, but then, all kinds of Spanish securities are going down now.

There was some mystery about Dewey's silence in Manila harbor, but it seems those Spanish ships were at the bottom of it all the while.

Mark Twain has determined to go in for writing for the stage, but it is not his own work he intends to adapt for theatrical representation, but that of other writers.

Charles Dewey and wife of Montpelier, Vermont, have just celebrated their golden wedding. Mr. Dewey is a brother of the hero of Manila. Five hundred guests were present at the celebration.

Modjeska first appeared in the character of Camille in a national guard hall in Virginia City, a Nevada mining camp. It was not only her first appearance of the part in English, but in any language, and she had never seen the play performed. A manager went all the way from San Francisco to see the performance, engaged her to appear at his theater, and thus began her successful career on the American stage.

The outlook for the summer girl of 1898 is gloomy. An exodus of men has begun. *The gold fields of the Klondike are attracting the adventurous and the hardy. They go for the sake of gold.* The southeastern coast of the United States is swarming with soldiers who are eager to get into Cuba. The summer girl is left alone. It seems likely that she will enjoy her ribbons and laces and pretty draperies in solitude this year.

It is claimed that even those who have sightless eyes may have their sight restored by an incision into the pupil and the insertion of a false pupil, presumably made of glass. How successfully this can be done remains to be seen, but satisfactory experiments have been made. Of course, this does not mean that people who have lost their sight by the removal of an eye can be made to see. It can only be accomplished where an eye remains to be operated upon.

It is a remarkable fact that our naval heroes have seldom been honored with prominent political office after the achievement of their victories. We have had several soldier presidents, but no sailor executives, yet we talk about the ship of state. What more natural than to put a sailor at he helm? How does it happen that Farragut and Porter never became prominent in civil life, while so many generals of distinction held political positions at Washington after the war?

Paper cannons have recently been made for the German army by the famous Krupp, for use in portions of the battlefield where metal guns cannot well be taken. It is not expected that they will ever entirely replace the latter, though their resistance is said to be greater than that of a metal piece of the same size. The bore of these firearms is two inches. The chief advantage of these over metal guns is the fact that they are light enough to be easily carried by the soldiers.

England and the United States, acting together, with the possible help of Japan, could dominate the world. We have, as a nation, no desire for conquest, for colonization, but the two great English-speaking nations working together can prevent wars, and, by the very power of their overwhelming force, prevent hostilities in the future. Such an alliance would be a boon to the world. It would hold the balance of power. It would spread enlightenment and intelligence, and that is what the world needs.

We have become familiar with smokeless gunpowder, and we are aware that it does not make nearly so much noise as the old-fashioned kind. But noiseless cannon are a paradoxical novelty now seeking favor. Colonel Humbert, of the French army, is the inventor and patentee of this new weapon, and the experiments made by the Hotchkiss Gun Company are said to be most promising. In some wonderful manner, not evident to the novice, the inventor contrives that the mouth of the gun shall shut automatically at the instant the charge emerges. Thus the flame, combustion and report are successfully bottled up. Thus announces London Standard, and it may be true, as we nowadays hesitate to marvel at new wonders. Doubtless, if this invention proves to fulfill the promises of its inventor, it will be applied to small arms also. Anything that tends to make an engagement at once decisive is in the interest of peace.

HOME.

Home's not merely roof and room!
It needs something to endear it.
Home is where the heart can bloom;
Where there's some kind lip to cheer 't.

What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there's one we love to meet us.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Through with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.

Home! go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us.

HEROIC CUBAN WOMEN.

In Spite of Their Beauty They Show Themselves Heorines in the Contest With Spain.

BY MRS. M. P. HANDY.

The active part taken by Cuban women in the war of Cuba for freedom is the more remarkable because of the strict seclusion in which they have been reared—seclusion as close as that of an oriental seraglio.

It is only within the last ten years that it has been considered within the bounds of propriety that two married women of the upper class should go out together on the street without an escort, even in the daytime, and for an unmarried woman such conduct was inconceivable. Travelers have told how in Havana and Puerto Principe the senoras and senoritas were seen only in

ROSA MASSO.

carriages. Indeed, for the young ladies etiquette prescribed what was practically imprisonment.

A well brought up Cuban girl was never allowed to go out alone, even so far as to cross the street, without a chaperon. If she attended school, the nurse or some member of her family always went with her to and from the school. She cannot receive callers without the chaperonage of her mother or somebody member of her family.

DIFFICULTIES OF COURTSHIP.

Cuban courtship was a matter of difficulty, the lover walking up and down like a sentry in front of the residence of his inamorata, who, if she regarded his suit with favor, took care to be on view at one of the windows, and perhaps by way of

Mercedes Verona's sacrifice.

great encouragement she might drop a flower from the window, as though by accident. Social etiquette forbade him to call on her until they were formally engaged, and then he was never permitted to see her for an instant alone. For many years it was considered the height of impropriety for a bride to appear in public or to receive callers until ten days after her wedding.

Like all southern women, they mature early and marry young. No more devoted wives and mothers are to be found in the whole world. Unlike the women of other nations, the Cubana is pleased to have a large family, and lives for her husband and children, a homekeeper and housekeeper whose heart and soul are bounded by the limits of her family and her home, and whose chief pleasure as well as her principal occupation is to care for them properly.

MARRIAGE IS HER AMBITION.

She brings her daughters up in the same faith, and her one ambition for them is to see them well married. Every well-fitted establishment in Cuba is provided with a concierge to guard the entrance and admit callers. The custom of the country permits this man, usually an ignorant peasant, to escort the senoritas in the family which he serves, whereas it would not be proper for them to go out attended by any gentleman not a relative, even though he were old enough to be their grandfather and an old friend of the family.

Languid and languishing was the epithet most frequently applied to Cuban women, and those who frequented Saratoga and Long Branch had an air which suggested Miss Edgeworth's heroine, who looked as though she were saying: "Quasha, tell Quaco to tell Fibba to tell Ima to pick up this pin which lies at my feet."

Their beauty has always been proverbial,

EVANGELINA CISNEROS.

dark eyes, dark hair, pearly teeth and transparent, olive complexion is the accepted type, though the admixture of French and Irish blood among them has produced some blondes. Always Cuban women have been treated as pretty playthings—therefore the part they are taking in this contest; the feats of daring performed by these gently born and delicately reared women seem absolutely incredible.

AS ACTIVE COMBATANTS.

Not only are they engaged as nurses, spies and scouts, but as active combatants also. There are several regiments of women in actual service in the insurgent army, and one of the most famous of Cuban guerrilla captains is a woman, Maria Hernandez by name. "Hell has no fury like a woman wronged," and she is a living example thereof.

Three or four years ago Donna Maria was the mistress of a lovely home in the country; devoted to her husband, her boy and her infant daughter. Don Hernandez was a patriot, and he became an officer of the Cuban revolutionists. The Spaniards raided the plantation while he was at home on a furlough. His wife saw him shot before her eyes. Her boy was butchered, and a random bullet killed infant and nurse simultaneously. The house was burned and she was saved in the confusion of the fire, in spite of herself, by the devotion of her slaves. Ill for days, when she roused herself she was a monomaniac whose one idea was revenge. She raised a company of homeless women, and placed herself at their head.

"The Spaniard has taken from us all that made life worth living," she said, "henceforth let us live for revenge."

SHE KNOWS KNOW FEAR.

Reckless in her daring, she knows no fear, and newspaper correspondents describe her as bearing a charmed life. Weyler and his troops feared and hated her, and if she is ever captured death will be too merciful for her. She will be sent to Africa, that worst of all fates which Spanish cruelty can devise.

Paulina Gonzales is another woman leader among the insurgents—brave, daring and ingenious. There is a story of how she routed a regiment of Spaniards with mock guns—blackened logs on wheels. At all events she and her corps are practiced markswomen, and their shots do much execution on the enemy. Upon the heads of both of these women a price was set by Weyler, but no one has betrayed them.

Mme. Alvarez was the wife of one of Maceo's generals. Left alone, she raised a company of women which joined her husband's command. After the manner of the ancient German women, their first duty was to nurse the sick and wounded, and look out for the comfort of their husbands, fathers and brothers, but they also could fight when necessary. In April 1896, in the mountainous district southwest of Havana, and west of the trocha, during an engagement between Maceo and the Spaniards under Colonel Linares, these women took part in the battle.

CARVED TO PIECES.

General Alvarez became separated from his companions, and his wife, seeing his danger, attempted his rescue. She succeeded in saving him, but the two were caught in the Spanish lines. Attempting to cut their way out, Alvarez escaped, finding to his horror that his wife, who he supposed was at his side, had been left behind. Trying to reach her, he saw her literally carved to pieces by the machetes of the Spaniards, while unable to do anything to prevent it. In despair at the sight he shot himself.

The cruel order by which Weyler drove the country people into the cities without food or shelter to starve in the streets has horrified all Christendom. No tongue can tell what the victims of this order suffered, dying by thousands, with no hand to succor and no eye to heed. Hundreds mercifully lost their reason, and so scarcely knew what they endured. Senator Thurston told the story partly when in obedience to his wife's last wishes he made the eloquent speech which went so far to rouse the United States to put a stop to the outrages of the Spaniards. It was this order which impelled hundreds of Cuban women to join the army.

"Since we must die," they reasoned, "let us die to some purpose, at the side of our husbands and fathers, not like beasts without resistance, by slow torture out of reach of all whom we love."

MAKE EXCELLENT SOLDIERS.

Desperate people fight desperately, and these women, who have no hope except in the success of the Cuban arms, make excellent soldiers. The Spaniards show them no mercy, and are said to be more cruel to the women even as political prisoners than to the men. The story of Evangelina Cisneros is a case in point. She was only one of hundreds, but her case attracted the attention of the correspondent of the New York Journal, and so was made public, interesting hundreds of prominent American women in her behalf. They effected her escape. They could do nothing, even with the aid of the pope to secure her release. Her only crime was that she was the daughter of a Cuban patriot. Yet she was thrown into prison, made to labor hard and sentenced to be sent to Africa. Her story as told since her escape to the United States is a pitiful one, and has been published in book form.

Five of the leading women in Santa Clara—Senora Rosa Piana, Senoritas Carmen and Nicolara Gutierrez, Senora Micaela Ruiz and Senorita Consuelo Avila—were thrown into the prison for dissolute women in Santa Clara because they dared to prepare a most courteous appeal to General Weyler for the release of Senorita Evangelina. Senora Piana is the widow of a former mayor of Santa Clara, and Senorita Carmen Gutierres is the principal of the best and oldest private college for young women in the island. The appeal was condemned as rebellious and seditious, and the old ladies—Senora Piana is 67 years of age—were punished in this ignominious fashion, the greatest insult which could be offered them, especially in a small town like Santa Clara.

TERRIBLE SPANISH CRUELTY.

Cruelty seems an inherent trait of the Spanish character. The Spaniard regards any rebel as one who has insulted him and must be beaten into subjection. What he cannot bend he will grind to powder, and his enemies are to be slaughtered remorselessly. He is not only cruel; he is callous, else he could not witness the sufferings of helpless women and children impassively and pitilessly—one might almost say with pleasure. A striking instance of cruelty on the part of the Spanish soldiery and of the bravery of a Cuban woman has been told by several correspondents, who all agree substantially as to the facts.

A squadron of Spanish cavalry, being ordered to dislodge a body of insurgents in the mountains northwest of Havana, seized a Cuban girl, Senorita Mercedes Varona, and tying her on horseback placed her in front of their column, believing that the Cubans, among whom were many of her relatives and friends, would not fire for fear of killing her. As they expected, it happened, and they would have succeeded but for the girl, who called out loudly to her friends:

DEMANDED THAT THEY FIRE.

"Fire! I am ready to die for Cuba Libre. Better one life than so many! Fire, all of you! Fire quick!"

So saying, she threw herself on the horse's back.

A sharp volley rang out in response and

CAPT. MARIA HERNANDEZ.

the Spaniards fell back repulsed. But alas, the heroic senorita was dead, shot through the back by a Spanish soldier, enraged at her self-sacrifice, and the bullets of her friends had spared her in vain.

Among the Cuban refugees in New York is Rosa Masso, a beautiful girl 18 years old. She was the only daughter of Don Jose Masso, a wealthy planter, who lived near Pinar del Rio. Her mother died when she was a child and she was educated abroad, returning two years ago to rule the plantation and her father as she willed. She learned to ride as well as her brothers and was an expert shot. Nay, more; she could handle a machete as cleverly as a chrochet hook. This is her story told by her:

ROSA MASSO'S STORY.

"My brother Valentine was mortally wounded in one of the many engagements near the border line between the provinces of Pinar del Rio and Havana, where General Maceo had crossed and recrossed the western trocha, and battles were fought every day or two. After Valentine's death I was awakened very early one morning by a loud knocking at my bedroom door and the terrified voice of Maria, my nurse, who called to me: 'The Spaniards are here. They want your brother. Where is your father? We are lost!'

"I rushed to my father's room in my nightclothes. It was empty. The smell of burning wood told me that the house was on fire. I ran downstairs seeking my father, and found him dead with a knife in his breast. I drew the knife out and called to the Spanish to come back and murder me too. They laughed at me. My brother Antonio, thank God, escaped.

"I went to nurse the wounded patriots after my home was ruined. A dying soldier to whom I ministered, hearing of my wrongs, gave me a dispatch to take to General Maceo on the other side of the trocha. I hid the paper in the bandage which Cuban girls wear around their hair, left a note for my brother and mounted my pet horse. I was obliged to go through the town of Palacios. I turned my horse loose and went into the city on foot, telling the gatekeeper that I was a beggar. On the other side of the city a woman let me sleep on the floor of her house. The next day I bought another horse and rode through a hard rain to San Cristobal.

HER DIFFICULT ESCAPE.

"There I left my horse with a countryman, who agreed to have it ready for me on the other side. Then I rode in with a market woman on a load of potatoes. Next day my way lay through swamps and water up to the horse's knees till I reached and crossed Weyler's famous trocha—the first woman who did so. It was more than ten miles to Maceo's camp, but I held out until I delivered my message. After this I went to Havana, where I had friends. When they found I was in danger of arrest a kind American took me on his yacht to Palm Beach, Florida."

It was a still younger girl, a baby faced thing of 16, who was selected to assassinate Weyler last winter by throwing a bomb at his feet in the street in Havana. The task was one which implied virtual suicide, since there was barely a possibility of escape for the perpetrator of the deed. Still this gentle, innocent maiden was ready, nay, anxious, to perform it. At the last moment, when everything was ready, two prominent Cubans, friends of the girl's family, heard of the project and hastened to prevent it. Such a deed, they declared, would horrify the civilized world and do irreparable injury to the Cuban cause. So those in charge of the plot were persuaded to relinquish it,

BRINGING IN FEMALE PRISONERS.

and the girl wept because she could not die for her country.

HEART AND SOUL OF REVOLUTION.

Weyler's cruelty to women was undoubtedly in the nature of reprisal, since the Cuban women are the heart and soul of the revolution. They keep up the hearts and courage of the men, they supply them with food and clothing and medicine, constantly risking their lives in the work. It has recently been stated that a prominent woman in one of the Cuban towns carries on the manufacture of gunpowder and dynamite in her house, obtaining the materials secretly from different drug stores. Two other women convey the explosives to the insurgents, disguising themselves as country women and hiding dynamite and gunpowder under eggs and potatoes, etc.

Nursing, the natural vocation of women in war times, is for those heroines as dangerous as actual warfare, since Spanish barbarity does not respect the hospital flag. On March 6, 1897, while the Virgara battalion was reconnoitering in the Quesimal ranges near Rosario Ascento, in the province of Pinar del Rio, it destroyed six insurgent camps, burning 300 huts used as hospitals for wounded insurgents.

KILL NURSES AND PATIENTS.

In such cases the nurses are remorselessly butchered along with their patients, and one shudders at the question whether the sick and wounded were slaughtered before the huts were fired or burned in their helplessness.

In one shocking instance, when the Spanish troops had been defeated by the Cubans, they revenged themselves by an attack on a mill in the neighborhood owned by a relative of the woman guerilla, Gonzales. The mill was crowded with women and children who had taken refuge there, and these were slaughtered indiscriminately, the Spaniards firing into the sawdust pit into which they had burrowed for protection. Twenty-one were killed and more wounded before the firing ceased, and even then the living were not allowed to come out, but were compelled to remain in the hole with the dead and wounded.

Weyler seemed to fear the Cuban women as Napoleon I. feared Madam de Stael, and arrests were many and frequent. Some of these seem absurd, as when recently three Cuban school-teachers were arrested in Guanabacoa, the authorities alleging that they were teaching their pupils sedition. Some text-books published in America in the Spanish language had been used by the teachers, and among them was a pamphlet entitled "Liberty." This was claimed to be against the government and the teachers adjudged guilty of treason in using it for their classes. So all three, respectable young Cuban women of good family, were thrown into the convict prison and are there still "incomunicado," which means that none of their friends or relatives are allowed to see or speak to them even in presence of a jailer; nor permitted to do anything to lessen the hardships of their imprisonment.

SPANISH MILITARY RULE.

Military rule under the Spaniards is of the most arbitrary kind. No Cuban man, woman or child can venture out of his house unless provided with a government license, for which the charge ranges from 25 cents to $50. If he does he is liable to arrest. Even beggars are not exempt from the law. It includes everyone from the highest to the lowest.

Traitors are rare among the Cuban women, and when one of the spies in the service of the insurgents is arrested she dies rather than peach. The men weaken sometimes; the women, never.

Still, there is one conspicuous traitor among the Cuban women, the daughter and sister of patriots, and her name will go down in the history of the island execrated by hundreds whose friends and kinsfolk she has betrayed to the spanish. Her name is Nina Diaz. She is said to be beautiful; clever she undoubtedly is, the sweetheart of a Spanish officer, which probably explains the situation.

One day Weyler, disgusted at the ill success of his spies in ferreting out any information of the plans and purposes of the insurgents, called his staff together.

"What we want," he said, "is a clever woman spy. They are the best—that is, if they work for the man they love."

So Nina Diaz was selected to the office, and has done her work only too well. At first she was always to be found at the dock on steamer days mingling with the crowd, her ears and eyes open for all she could see and hear. As a result Weyler's ban fell upon one after another in Cuban circles.

WOMAN AS SPANISH SPY.

Then she was sent to ply her vocation in Pinar del Rio amid all the horrors of war. There she first fell under suspicion by the countrymen whom she was selling into the hands of the enemy. Caught while communicating with a Spanish officer, she was arrested by the insurgents. Brought before Maceo, she explained that she was the daughter of Felix Diaz and had come into the lines only to see her father and brothers. She claimed that the Spanish officer who was talking to her was endeavoring to bribe her to betray her friends. On this testimony he was shot, no one believing his declaration to the contrary.

She witnessed the execution of her Spanish friend without a tremor, and followed her father and brothers into camp, where she made herself familiar with the plans of the insurgents. When night came she escaped to the Spanish lines and gave such information that the Cubans were surprised in the early dawn and defeated after a severe fight. During the battle Nina escaped to Havana disguised as a boy.

The most unprincipled act of her treachery was when she betrayed her own mother into the hands of the Spanish and saw her sent to the convict prison. She and her lover were captured and imprisoned in Fort Cabanas. She effected an escape, and was sent to New York, but the Cubans in that city heard of her arrival, and she accomplished but little. Since her return to Havana she has not been able to do much mischief, as, being unmasked, none of the patriots trust her, and her sources of information are cut off.

RISK ALL FOR CUBA.

On the other side Cuban women dare everything to give aid to the insurgents. Dozens of them have cut off their beautiful long hair in order that they may disguise themselves as boys and steal through the lines the more easily with dispatches and ammunition.

If ever in the history of the world there was cause that women should take up arms it is now. As already said, Spanish cruelty spares neither women nor children, and respects neither age nor sex. That a son or father of a family is absent from home is considered ample reason for concluding that he is with the insurgents and raiding the plantations. The women in such cases defend their homes bravely, and not infrequently succeed in repulsing the Spaniards, provided they are not in force. In one such case the defeated soldiers left a notice saying that they would return with re-inforcements and annihilate every family in the neighborhood. One of the daughters of the family mounted her horse and rode twenty-five miles to Maceo's camp with news of this notice. When the Spanards returned, according to promise, expecting to find only women and children to butcher, they found the Cubans in ambush and were ignominiously defeated.

WOMEN ARE BUTCHERED.

To go into town and bring out provisions for their starving families is pronounced a crime, and those who are caught in the act, whether men or women, are butchered. Thus last fall several Cuban women went out to procure food for their children, and fell into the hands of Spanish guerrillas. The correspondent of the New York Herald testifies to seeing their bodies, hacked into pieces by machetes.

The fate more dreaded at the hands of the Spanish is exile to Africa, to Ceuta, the desolate, almost desert penal colony off the coast of Morocco, a place where life is a living death, and where the newcomer inevitably falls a prey to the terrible African fever. Here in stockades as ghastly and suffocating under the burning African sun as the Black Hole of Calcutta, the wretched prisoners suffer the tortures of the damned without medicine or nurses, and, like Dives, pray in rain for a drop of water to cool their parched and burning tongues. Twenty years' servitude in this place was the doom from which Evangelina Cisneros was rescued.

DON'T DO IT--DON'T !

Don't go to the same place or sort of place for your summer's outing, that you have gone to for years past. Consult variety and curiosity this time. Yellowstone Park is the place you ought to visit. Beside seeing there the most startling and unique scenery in the world—in the world, mind you—you can walk, cycle, catch trout, ride horseback or in stage coaches, live in hotels—good ones—or camp out, climb mountains, watch geysers play, see gorgeous canyons, or ride on a large lake a mile and a half above the ocean. If you cannot go to the Park this year—try Leech Lake in Minnesota, a new and healthful region where piney odors, camp life, muskallonge and black bass fishing, new hotels, the Ojibway Indians in their bark houses on shore or bark canoes on the water, etc., all make life fascinating. If you will only send F. H. Fogarty, Gen'l Agent, 208 So. Canal St., Chicago, or Chas. S. Fee, of the Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn., six cents for Wonderland '98, a new and finely illustrated book, it will convince you that you ought to go to one of these places. Either of them is out of reach of Spanish guns. Name paper in which advertisement was seen.

Mexico is the richest mineral country in the world, not excepting Peru.

RESISTING AN ATTACK!

What It Means to Fight the Enemy Nowadays.

MODERN SCIENTIFIC METHODS.

If we are involved in a war with Spain or a foreign nation in the immediate future, the best authorities believe that the battles will be fought at long range whether on sea or land. Boarding the enemies' ships and the old Nelson business of muzzle-to-muzzle is done away with. The modern science of war is altogether different from the old-fashioned methods. Hand-to-hand encounters with the cutlass or the bayonet was the old way. Now the guns and mortars of our batteries on land and sea will destroy an enemy two miles or seven miles distant. A parallel to these modern methods in the science of war is the modern methods of medical science. In the good old days the doctor used a lancet on a man at the least provocation—blood-letting was the order of the day—when a person's blood was disordered, or when it was desired to fortify him against the attack of any fever or disease. A fortification against the sudden attack of

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

all disease-carrying germs is health, and this should be obtained at any price. What is the modern scientific method? Health today means a pure and rich blood for the system and an active liver to guard the weak spots. If there be a scrofulous condition of the system, Catarrh or Bronchitis, the germs are sure to attack these weak spots. Once the enemy has a foothold in the breach, they destroy the port they have taken. The germs thrive and increase in strength and number and at the same time make inroads in the neighboring parts, constantly increasing their domain. This is the battle ground for the individual; it is fight or die for him! This is where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes to the rescue just in the nick of time. It purifies the blood of all the poisonous waste materials with which it is often burdened. it builds up the strength of the body and puts on wholesome flesh. The bodily weight is thus increased permanently.

In the beginning consumption is not such a serious matter—it may be stopped. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes to strengthen and assist the resisting forces when help is needed. The odds are in favor of the germs if our liver is inactive and our blood impure, or if our health is reduced below the normal standard. What is required is an increase of our germ-fighting strength. To resist the attacks of the germs of consumption, grip, malarial fever, the dread typhus fever of Cuba, and many other diseases of germ origin, the body must put on healthy flesh, the liver must be incited to vigorous action and the blood purified so that there will not be a weak part within the lines of the body, and this can be accomplished by the use of this "Discovery" of Dr. Pierce. A great many cases of wasting disease which have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery have been diagnosed by doctors as cases of consumption, when they were really severe cases of bilious poisoning and mal-nutrition accompanied by a hacking cough. If you want to know more about all the ordinary diseases, their common-sense methods of cure, besides chapters on Physiology, Hygiene, Anatomy, the Origin of Life, and those on Nursing, a subject of which everyone should be informed, will be found fully treated of in Dr. Pierce's thousand-page book, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, which can be obtained free, as stated at the end of this article.

The grand reputation which Doctor Pierce has built up in the past thirty years as a regularly qualified practicing physician, inspires such universal confidence as few doctors enjoy. As chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., he has had probably a wider and more practical experience in treating severe chronic diseases than any other physician in America. His prescriptions are standard remedies all over the world. His "Favorite Prescription" for weak women is the only proprietary remedy for its purpose, expressly prescribed by an educated physician. Any one may consult Dr. Pierce by mail, and will receive sound, careful, professional advice without charge.

"I beg to state that I have used three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery since my correspondence with you and find great improvement in my case," writes Mr. A. F. Novotny, of New York, N. Y., P. O. Box 1437. "I feel that I am in need of no more medical assistance. When I started to take your medicine I had a regular consumptive cough, of which I was afraid, and everybody cautioned and warned me concerning it. I was losing weight rapidly, was very pale, and had no appetite whatever. Now my condition is changed entirely. I do not cough at all, have gained eight pounds in weight, have gained my healthy color, and my appetite is enormous. In conclusion I beg to state that I can and will recommend your medicine to everybody who may be in need of some, as it is a sure cure, and is by far the superior of all similar medicines.

"I have recently obtained a copy of your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser' and I prize it highly. I think everybody should have one, whether of sound health or not."

"I had a terrible cough something over a year ago and could find nothing to stop it or even to do me a particle of good," writes Mr. J. M. Farr, of Cameron, Screven Co., Ga. "I chanced to see an advertisement of yours, and forthwith bought a bottle of your invaluable 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Before I had taken half a bottle I was entirely well.

"Previous to this, my oldest boy (who is now nearly five years old) had a terrible cough the winter before I contracted mine; he had it the whole winter and all summer. Physicians did him no good and nothing my wife and I could do did him any good. After your 'Discovery' had cured me so quickly I wrote my wife to bring him back from the country, she having carried him there to see if the change would do him good. We were living in Savannah, Ga., at the time. She brought him back and after giving him your 'Golden Medical Discovery' five days he was entirely well.

"I keep the 'Discovery' all the time and would not be without it for anything. Am truly thankful I have found a remedy that I can depend upon. I have been the cause of about two dozen people using it, since I learned its value. Am certainly grateful to you for having discovered such a wonderful medicine."

"I will forever thank you for the advice you gave me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Mrs. James Murphy of Fonda, Pocahontas Co., Iowa. "It has cured me of chronic scrofula of twenty years' standing. I had doctored for the trouble until I was completely discouraged. I also had chronic diarrhea for twelve years. I am in good health now—better than I ever was in my life, owing to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"I return thanks and it is with pleasure I send you my name to publish if you wish to do so."

"I am using a good many of your medicines in my practice," writes Dr. Joseph Fike, of Lost Springs, Marion Co., Kans. "Ten years ago there was an emigration from Rusland to this country, and there was a lady in the outfit who was badly afflicted with that dreadful disease scrofula. Her mouth and throat were in an awful condition, and there were lumps on the outside below the jaws the size of a hen's egg. Other doctors had been called and they said it was a fatal disease. I was called and made my diagnosis; I felt confident that none of my remedies would do her any good. It came to my mind that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended for it, so I went to the drug store and bought one bottle and gave it to her and she is well today. She is married now and has three healthy children.

"If this is a credit to your medicine you can use it."

"After using about five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery my boy seems to be all right," writes J. W. Price, Esq., of Ozark, Monroe Co., Ohio. "He was very bad when I commenced to give him Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The doctors claimed he had consumption, and we doctored with them until he was past walking. It has been ten months since he stopped taking your medicine, and he is still in good health. We are very thankful to you for saving our son for us."

"Your medicine is the best I have ever taken," writes Mrs. Jennie Dingman, of Vanburen, Kalkaska County, Mich. "I was not able to do hardly any work at all; had pain in my left side and back, and had headache all the time. I tried your medicine and it helped me. Last spring I had a bad cough; got so bad I had to be in bed all the time. My husband thought I had consumption. He wanted me to get a doctor, but I told him if it was consumption they could not help me. We thought we would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and before I had taken one bottle the cough was stopped, and I have had no more of it returning."

"Several years ago (the night my house and contents burned up)," writes Mrs. Susan C. Tulloh of Sulphur Mines, Louisa Co., Va., "I was taken with such a shortness of breath and palpitation of heart, which grew worse all the time until a few months ago, when I commenced the use of Dr. Pierce's medicines. Before that, I could scarcely eat anything, and if I did I could not rest at all. I could not sleep at night; I had to sit up some nights nearly all night. Was not able to do any work and could scarcely get around even in the house. I had given up all hope of ever being well again, but was advised by several who had used your medicines to try them. I did so, and now as far as my disease is concerned am as well as I ever was. I give Dr. Pierce's medicines all the credit—all the praise for the benefit of my health, and many thanks for your trouble and advice. I have taken about two dozen bottles or more of Doctor Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and several bottles of the 'Pellets.' I felt better all the time from the use of the medicines. I have no commensurate term by which I can speak of the praise due Doctor Pierce's remedies. I hope this may induce others, who may be suffering as I was, to give your medicines a trial."

FREE TO READERS

of this paper who take prompt advantage of this offer. Dr. Pierce will send his great thousand-page book, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, which has had a greater sale than any medical work ever published. More than half a million copies were sold at $1.50 each. The profit on this edition was sufficient to warrant Dr. Pierce in publishing a free edition in paper covers, and a copy will now be sent absolutely free for the mere cost of mailing only, twenty-one one-cent stamps, which should be inclosed to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., or ten stamps extra, if a heavier cloth-bound copy is desired. Only one copy will be sent to one family. The volume is illustrated with over seven hundred engravings and several colored plates. It is pronounced, by competent authority, one of the most interesting, practical and valuable works in any language.

The Widow of General Grant.

The widow of General Grant is reported to be in the best of health and spirits, but is still suffering with impaired sight, and this interferes with the work she planned years ago—her memoirs for her children and grandchildren. Her library is an ideal place of the kind. The windows face south. The furnishings are all of ebony. The cases that surround the walls, filled with books, are black, too. The table in the center is exceedingly rare. With all these dark woods the rugs and hangings are red.

FREE TO OUR READERS.

Every reader of this paper is entitled to a 152 page illustrated catalogue of rifles, etc. Drop a postal card to Winchester Repeating Arms Co., 280 Winchester Ave., New Haven Conn.

Living in a convent at Angiers, France, is a woman, Madam Du Bos d'Elbhecq, to whom belongs the distinction of being the oldest woman living who supports herself by her pen. She is now ninety-nine years of age and is said to have outlived all her relations and friends. Her literary career began in her early girlhood and she has produced a number of books, all of them popular for a time and one of them still selling.

Watches for Boys and Girls.

The Sawyer Crystal Blue Co., whose ad. appears on page 3 of this issue give beautiful watches to boys and girls who will sell their bluing. They require no money. They send you 40 packages of blue, express paid. When sold send them the money and they will send the watch; read their advertisement carefully. They are a reliable concern and do just as they agree.

Mrs. B.—The lady Dabbs is going to marry is highly intellectual. She speaks three languages. Mr. B. (condolingly)—Poor Dabbs.—Boston Traveler.

FROM OUT THE SHADOWS

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT

SYNOPSIS.

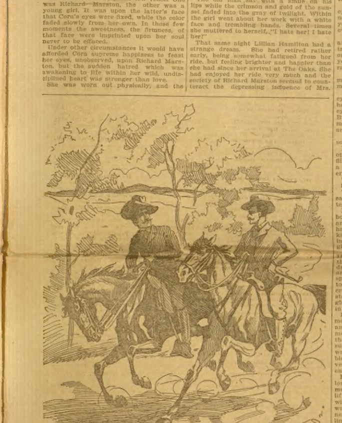
[Eva Marston and Mrs. Rutherford, of The Oaks, old schoolmates, meet near Mrs. Rutherford's home. Each has a young son, Mrs. Marston's child being fair and finely moulded, while Philip, the son of Mrs. Rutherford, is pitiably deformed. The two families become intimate, and ere long Mrs. Rutherford confessed to Mrs. Marston that in marrying Mr. Rutherford, who is now dead, she had turned away from the man whom she had truly loved, and that he had killed himself. The deformity of little Philip she held was a punishment for her sin. Sixteen years later Richard Marston and Phillip Rutherford are grown to manhood. Mrs. Rutherford is gray and enfeebled with sorrow. An orphan niece, a beautiful young woman, comes to live at The Oaks. Not far from The Oaks lives a blind old man and his daughter Cora. Cora loves Richard Marston, who, out of pity, gives them money. Richard Marston proposes to Lillian Hamilton and is accepted. In doing so he incures the enmity of Cora and Philip. Philip takes his first drink of liquor.]

CHAPTER VI.

Two riders stood by the low fence. One was Richard Marston, the other was a young girl. It was upon the latter's face that Cora's eyes were fixed, while the color faded slowly from her own. In those few moments the sweetness, the firmness, of that face were imprinted upon her soul never to be effaced.

Under other circumstances it would have afforded Cora supreme happiness to feast her eyes, unobserved, upon Richard Marston, but the sudden hatred which was awakening to life within her wild, undisciplined heart was stronger than love.

She was worn out physically, and the



On the road to the oaks.

sudden mental tumult within her proved too much for her strength. She turned sick and faint, and a sudden blackness shut out that fair face by Richard Marston's side. She thought she was dying, and a great peace, such as her dreary life had never known before, surged over her soul. Her limbs relaxed, and she sank upon the ground. A faint smile touched the ashy pallor of her lips.

Then sounding faint and far-away, she heard her grandfather's voice. No, no, she must not die and leave him helpless, alone, at the mercy of a cruel world. With a powerful effort of will she struggled against the faintness which had nearly robbed her of consciousness. She tottered to her feet and leaned against the tree weak and trembling.

Richard Marston and his companion had left her grandfather, and were riding side by side down the road. They made a strikingly handsome couple. The young stanger was evidently a practiced horsewoman, and rode with ease and consummate grace. Cora picked up her basket and dragged herself toward the house.

Light as was the sound made by her bare feet, the old man heard it. He leaned forward and smiled.

"Is that you, my child?" he asked.

"Yes, grandfather, it's me," she replied.

"How tired your voice is, little one," said old Moses. "I am afraid that you've been a-workin' too hard today."

She put down her basket and seated herself at the old man's feet. He passed his hand slowly, caressingly over her face and her heavy hair.

"Oh, no, I ain't been workin' hard neither," she replied, quickly. "I was just helpin' Miss Watkins a bit. I've brought yer some 'taters and beats and peas fresh outen the garden. Was you lonely, granddad?"

"Lonely, why no, child," he replied. "I has my thoughts for company. I jest sits here and thinks and thinks over them times that's gone. Today I was jest a-goin' over in my mind the time when I was a-courtin' your grandmother. Let me see, it's been night on to fifty years, but I recollect, like it was yesterday, the evenin' I asked her to marry me. I was powerful nervous and with stammerin' and stutterin' I never did know what I said to her. It was a cool night in early fall, but the sweat was jest a-pourin' down my back. Mary told me arterwards that she never seen anybody so flustrated in all her life, and 'twas just all she could do to keep from bustin' right out laughin'."

He paused and laughed softly to himself. The girl forced a wan smile to her lips as though she feared those sightless eyes might see and the old man feel hurt at her lack of sympathy.

"There wasn't a happier or a prouder man on all this earth," he continued, "when Mary whispered 'yes' that night. Ay, I've much to be thankful to the good Lord for. He's given me many days of happiness in this world. I sit here and goes over them all agin. There was the day Mary and me was married. She looked pretty as a picture in her white gown, with the orange-blossoms in her back hair and the blushes in her cheeks like deep red roses. Then there was that other day when I stood beside the bed and looked down at Mary a-lyin' with our boy, Will, on her breast, and that pale face of hern looked prettier to me than it ever had afore. Ay, the Lord is good, for there'll come a day when He'll let me look agin upon Mary's face."

The glow from the setting sun lighted up the two faces. The aged one full of peace and serenity; the girl's all misery and unrest.

"Did you have any company, granddad?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Moses, "Mr. Richard Marston stopped for a few minutes. There was a young lady with him. She is stopping at The Oaks, I think Mr. Richard said. I wonder if her face is as sweet as her voice."

Cora rose abruptly to her feet.

"I will go get your supper now, grandfather," she said, and, picking up her basket, she passed into the house.

The old man sat with a smile on his lips while the crimson and gold of the sunset faded into the gray of twilight. Within the girl went about her work with a white face and trembling hands. Several times she muttered to herself, "I hate her! I hate her!"

That same night Lillian Hamilton had a strange dream. She had retired rather early, being somewhat fatigued from her ride, but feeling brighter and happier than she had since her arrival at The Oaks. She had enjoyed her ride very much and the society of Richard Marston seemed to counteract the depressing influence of Mrs. Rutherford and Philip. In a very short time after retiring she fell asleep.

She dreamed that she was standing alone in the little yard of the miserable house where she and Richard had stopped that afternoon to speak to the old blind man. She was there in search for something, what she did not know, but she was oppressed by a sense of wretchedness. Suddenly she heard a cruel, mocking laugh, and, looking up, she saw a woman seated upon the porch in the old man's chair. The woman was miserably clad, her face was white, her eyes cruel and heavy masses of hair fell upon her shoulders.

"It's no use; it's no use!" this woman cried. "You'll never find what you have lost," and the agony with which those words filled Lillian was so great that she awoke.

She was trembling all over, so strong and realistic had been the pain of that dream. It was some time before she could compose herself sufficiently to again sleep.

At the breakfast table the next morning she said to Mrs. Rutherford: "Do you know the old blind man who lives in the miserable house where the roads branch?"

"Old Moses? Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Rutherford. "He is quite a protege of Richard Marston," she added. "He is very good to the old man."

"I did not see any one else about the place," continued Lillian. "But, of course, he does not live there alone."

"No, a granddaughter lives with him," replied Mrs. Rutherford.

"Is she a woman between thirty and forty years of age?" asked Lillian, eagerly.

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Rutherford, "she is only a girl between eighteen and nineteen. A poor over-worked, half-starved creature, not quite right in her mind, I have heard."

"The old man is quite interesting," said Lillian. "He seems so patient, so resigned under his affliction."

Just then the door opened and Philip Rutherford entered.

"You are late this morning, Philip," said his mother, as, with a muttered good-morning, he seated himself at the table.

Lillian looked across at him and with difficulty repressed a shudder. He was seated directly opposite a window and the bright light fell full upon his strange, pallid face and distorted body. She averted her eyes. The deformed man was watching her furtively but intently as he crumbled the bread between his long yellow fingers, but he hardly made any pretense of eating it.

She looked very fair and very girlish in her loose white morning gown, her soft gold-colored hair loosely plaited down her back. She reminded Philip of Marguerite; Marguerite before love had stolen the sweet serenity from her eyes.

"What will you do to amuse yourself today, Lillian?" asked Mrs. Rutherford.

"I intend being delightfully lazy this morning," replied the girl. "I shall provide myself with a book and go sit on the lawn under one of those big trees. The afternoon," she added, "I have promised to spend with Mrs. Marston. Mr. Marston will come for me."

"Ah, that will be very nice," said Mrs. Rutherford. "You will enjoy being at Echo Dale. It's a charming place."

Lillian arose from the table. She passed beside Mrs. Rutherford's chair.

"Is there nothing I can do for you this morning?" she asked almost timidly. "Would you care to have me read to you?"

It was a moment or so before Mrs. Rutherford replied. In her weakness she found it doubly hard to repulse the girl, to put from her the tenderness and the care which would soften and brighten the last days of her waning life. But for twenty-five years, from the moment that she gazed shudderingly upon the form of her new-born child, she had closed her heart against all human affection. At times heaven seemed so far off, so intangible, and her soul clamored for human love, human sympathy.

"It's a temptation of the Evil One," she would whisper to her yearning soul. "He would have me forget my sin and leave unfinished its expiation," and then for days after she would redouble the rigidness and austerity of her life until every weakness of the flesh was again in subjection.

"It is very good of you to think of it," she said, at length to Lillian. "But, no, there is nothing that you can do for me."

"I am sorry," muttered the girl, and then she passed out of the room.

"It's no use," she thought, as she went slowly upstairs to her room. "She will have none of me. She is so strange, so cold. She does not appear to have any affection for a creature on earth, not even her own son. I wish she would let me love her, for I am lonely," and the sweet lips quivered.

As the door closed upon Lillian, Philip lifted his eyes and looked frowningly at his mother.

"Why are you so unkind to her?" he asked, abruptly.

She started. The dark eyes bent upon her were startlingly like his father's. She shrank back in her chair with a sick feeling of aversion. For the first time it occurred to her that within that malformed body there lurked perhaps the evil nature, the vices of the father.

"You are a woman," he continued, his eyes glittering with a sullen rage she had never seen in him before, "but in all the years of my life I have never known you to evince any womanly feeling."

She rose to her feet, she moved forward and stood towering over him. Her lips were trembling, her eyes were all ablaze. In one moment the long rigid self-control of years was swept away in a burst of bitter rage. She was assuredly a woman then.

"I was the wife of your father; I am the mother of—you," she retorted. "These facts may account for my unwomanliness."

The next moment the light died out of her eyes; she tottered. He rose and supported her; he placed her back in her chair. Her eyes were closed; her face was colorless. But, as he turned toward the door to summon one of the maids her eyes unclosed and she murmured, faintly:

"Do not call any one; I shall be better soon."

He crossed the room to the sideboard, opened it and took out a decanter half filled with wine. He poured some of it into a glass and returned with it to to his mother's side.

"Drink this," he said, "it will revive you."

She pushed the glass aside.

"No, none of that accursed stuff," she said, with a shudder. "I shall soon be better," she added, "leave me in peace."

Philip turned and went toward the sideboard to replace the wineglass. The delicate aroma of the wine stole to his nostrils. He had never previously tasted liquor of any kind, but now a sudden uncontrolable longing seized him to drink the contents of the glass in his hand.

He gave a quick glance at his mother. Her face was turned from him. He lifted the glass to his lips and drained every drop! The liquor leaped through his veins, an irresistable craving possessed him. He sprang to the sideboard, lifted the decanter to his lips and drank and drank, until that craving was appeased. Then he crept stealthily toward the door. He did not even glance at his mother, lying faint and white in her chair.

He opened the door and passed out. He mounted the stairs to his own room, entered and locked the door after him. He stood motionless while his eyes wandered about the room. Every object in it had grown suddenly beautiful; every pulse in his body was instinct with vivid, eager life; the blood bounded deliciously through his veins; an ecstacy of delight permeated his entire being.

He smiled, he sighed softly, he passed his long fingers caressingly over his brow. He moved across the room and sat down. He lifted his eyes to the grinning, snarling wildcat upon the wall. Its repulsive face was as beautiful to him as the fair loveliness of a woman. He stretched out his limbs and looked at them with dreamy complacency. They were no longer misshapen and distorted. He made an effort to straighten his shoulders and only smiled when the hump on his back came sharply in contact with the hard wood of the chair. The perspiration stood in great drops upon his brow, but even the sensation of heat was subtly mixed with delight.

He rose and moved to the window. His limbs were perfectly steady, the wine had concentrated its powers upon his brain. He pushed aside the heavy branches and leaned out. For the first time in his life the blue of the heavens, the brightness of the sunlight, the delicate tints of Nature's garments afforded him pleasure.

He thrust his long, thin hands out into the warm, soft air and laughed delightfully. Then his eyes dropped to the lawn and rested upon Lillian. She was reclining upon the grass under the great oak which shaded his window. He gazed gloatingly down upon her. Her fair face, the dainty outlines of her recumbent figure, the pale gold of her hair, all filled him with mad delight. He whispered her name, coupled with the tenderest, the most passionate of epithets.

Then suddenly the earth and sky seemed to meet and go round and round in a mad, wild whirl. Philip clutched frantically at the window sill and then slid to the floor. There he lay powerless to move. He sat up drunken stupor.

It was hours before he awoke. He sat up and looked bewilderedly about him. A deadly nausea possessed him; his head throbbed with sickening violence, a profound melancholy oppressed him. He tottered to his feet and thrust his head out eagerly into the air. A woman's soft laugh floated up to him. He pushed aside the branches and looked down. Richard and Lillian were crossing the lawn together. His tall, fine figure contrasted charmingly with her dainty slimness. She was gazing up into his face, she was smiling. The clear-eyed Marguerite of the morning was no more.

CHAPTER VII.

The air was full of the odor of grapes and ripening apples. Richard Marston, standing in the baywindow of the pretty little parlor, gazed, with a certain tinge of sadness in his blue eyes, out into the mellow sunlight of the September day. He was lamenting the dying summer, for it had been the sweetest, fairest summer of all his life.

The days that we dream, before the fulfillment of our desires, the fruition of our hopes, are they not, after all, the happiest of our lives? Realization, how often it brings disappointment, disillusion. But imagination paints anticipation with a thousand rainbow hues. We are dreaming, and sooner or later we must awaken, but those dreams are enchanting while they enthrall us.

Mrs. Marston, seated at her pretty little desk, adding up the weekly accounts, glanced wistfully several times at the tall form of her son. For at least ten minutes he had been standing at the window, without uttering a word, evidently utterly absorbed in engrossing thought. He was so often like that of late. Mrs. Marston sighed. She tried to fix her attention upon her task, but, after adding up a long column of figures all wrong, she dropped her pen and pushed the account book impatiently aside. Richard heard the sigh and it aroused him. He turned towards her.

"What is the matter, little mother?" he asked. "Are those tiresome accounts annoying you? Let me do them for you?"

He moved to her side and bent over the desk. Her eyes lingered yearningly upon his handsome fair face. His blond hair, with the curly wave at the temples, made her think of the soft, silky curls on a baby's head which it had once been one of the joys of her life to kiss. She hid her face upon his coat sleeve and sobbed.

"Why, mother," he exclaimed, turning quickly in consternation and putting his arm about her, "what is the matter? What is grieving you?"

She clung to him and tears followed the sobs.

"Oh, Richard, oh, my darling," she murmured, rather incoherently, "tell me, do you love her? Do you love Lillian Hamilton?"

He started; he grew pale. That question, so bluntly, so abruptly put, almost shocked him. It dragged roughly into the garish light of day the sweet secret he had hardly dared whisper to his own heart. For a moment he hesitated and was silent. Then he knelt down at his mother's feet, just as he had been wont to do in the past to implore her pardon for some childish misdemeanor or to confide to her some cherished desire or project.

"Yes, mother," he replied, in a low voice, "I love her."

She lifted her head then; she took his fair one between her hands; she gazed long and sadly into his face. Her cheeks were wet with tears; her lips quivered.

"Forgive me, my dearest, forgive me," she said, at length, letting her arms slip down about his neck and hiding her face again upon his shoulder. "I cannot help being a little bit jealous just at first. I shall get over it after a little while, I shall be pleased and glad, but, now, I can't help it, I can't help it, the thought of giving you up to another just breaks my heart."

"But my dear mother," he said, rather gravely, "aren't you somewhat premature in your conclusion? I have never spoken a word of love to Miss Hamilton and I am very far from being assured of her honoring me by consenting to become my wife."

"Of course she will consent," exclaimed Mrs. Marston, lifting her head and wiping away her tears. "She loves you, I have not the slightest doubt of it. She couldn't help loving you."

"Every one does not look upon me with your partial eyes, my dear mother" said Richard, smiling.

"Oh, Richard," she murmured, a sudden fear whitening her lips, "shall I be separated from you after—after you are married? They say that young married people are better left to themselves and I know some wives object to living with their mother-in-law, but, oh, my boy, to be separated from you will break my heart."

"There, mother, that is something that shall never happen," he replied, soothingly. Then he continued gently, but very firmly, "Do not let us discuss this subject any further at present, mother. It is not quite fair to Miss Hamilton. Heaven alone knows how dearly I love her, how supremely honored and happy I shall be if she consents to become my wife. But we must not take her consent for granted."

"But she has certainly given you reason to suppose that you are not indifferent to her, dear," said his mother. Her, jealous eyes had watched the girl closely. Many times she had seen Lillian's beautiful gray eyes droop and her cheeks softly flush at Richard's approach. But she did not think it exactly wise to speak of that, so she added, rather lamely, "She has permitted you to be with her constantly all summer, and she certainly appeared very happy and contented when in your society."

"You must take into consideration the dreariness and loneliness of her immediate surroundings," he replied. "I have no doubt she would be just as glad of the society of any one who is at all congenial, under the circumstances."

He rose to his feet. Then bent his tall blond head to kiss his mother's cheek. It flushed softly, like a girl's under his caress.

"God bless you, my darling one," she murmured. "You are my all, but it is your happiness that I wish above everything on earth."

Some hours late she stood at her bedroom window and watched him ride away in the direction of The Oaks. She had done the same thing many times during the past summer, but never previously with quite the same look in her eyes. His intention was to propose that evening to Lillian Hamilton—this she felt instinctively—for Richard had said nothing to give her such an impression.

"He will never be all my own again after today," she murmured, with slightly quivering lips.

She stood, gazing after horse and rider, until a turn in the road hid them from sight. Then she sank down into a low chair, leaned her cheek against the pretty blue silk head-rest and fell into a reverie. Soon a smile stole about her lips; her eyes softened and glowed.

In imagination she heard the patter of little feet, the sound of childish voices. Sweet baby faces looked up into her own with Richard's clear blue eyes, dimpled arms clasped her neck. She thrilled with tender delight. Sweet innocent children, Richard's little ones, how inexpressibly dear they would be to her, what exquisite happiness they would afford her.

Ah, we cannot thrust aside the dark veil which shrouds the future. No faintest premonition came to warn Eva Marson of the gloom and sorrow which were destined to overshadow Echo Dale through a little child of the son she so dearly loved. If any one could have foretold her the strange events which would occur in the lives of those dearest to her or that beautiful, peaceful Echo Dale would be the theater for the enactment of a drama, wonderful, mysterious, tragic, she would have smiled incredulously, she would have regarded any such prophecy as the wild imaginings of an ingenious brain.

As Richard Marston turned into the road leading up to the front gates of The Oaks he saw a graceful, black-robed figure only a short distance ahead of him. His heart beat quicker and his face flushed. Sultan tossed his head and whinnied.

Lillian looked back over her shoulder. She paused and her cheeks flushed softly. Richard sprang down, and, with bared head, approached her, holding Sultan by the bridle. The splendid horse and the fair, handsome man, with the sunlight on his uncovered blond head, made an attractive picture. A look of soft admiration stole into the girl's eyes.

"It has been such a delightful day," she said, as she gave Richard her hand, "that I went for a long walk."

He was holding her hand and gazing down into her face. Her eyes drooped under the ardor in his, she flushed and withdrew her hand. Those blue eyes of his had told her many times that he loved her, but there was a purpose in them now which caused her heart to beat faster and her breath to quicken.

Lillian leaned forward and laid her white hand carelessly upon Sultan's beautiful arched neck; Sultan rubbed his head against her shoulder and his eyes grew soft and humid.

"Sultan is very fond of you," said Sultan's master.

"And I love Sultan very much," replied Lillian. "He is the dearest fellow in the world."

"You will make him conceited," said Richard, with a smile. "You know that is a weakness to which his sex is rather prone."

"Is it?" she asked, innocently, lifting her eyes to his face. But they fell almost immediately. The small hand, caressing Sultan, trembled.

"Are you not coming on to The Oaks?" she asked, hurriedly.

"Yes, after a little while," he replied. "Lillian." She started as he uttered her name. A woman's name never sounds so sweet to her as when it is spoken for the first time by the man she loves. "Lillian, there is something I must say to you. Only those few words, dear, which man has been whispering to woman since first the world began—I love you!"

He paused. The girl had hidden her face in Sultan's long, thick mane. The latter stood perfectly still, his large soft eyes fixed upon his master. Some large gray flies were vigorously attacking Sultan's sleek neck, he was suffering tortures, but he bore it like a hero. If he tossed his head to dislodge the flies he must disclose Lillian's blushes to his master, and Sultan's chivalry made such brusqueness quite out of the question.

"I am not much of an adept at love-making, dear," continued Richard, his eyes fixed yearningly upon a very small portion of a very pink cheek, all that could be seen of Lillian's face, and he was conscious of a very intense longing to press his lips there, "for I never spoke a word of love to any woman in all my life before."

She drew a quick breath, she lifted her head, she turned her face toward him, the tender eyes full of tears, the sweet lips tremulous.

"Lillian!" he cried, and drew her gently in his arms.

Sultan immediately began to shake his head most energetically, not, however, in disapproval, but to dislodge those torturing flies. Then he discreetly withdrew to a little distance, his master having dropped the bridle, forgetting, for the time, Sultan's very existence, and began to nibble at the grass by the roadside.

"Sweetheart, you do love me?" Richard was whispering, ecstatically.

"If I do not plead guilty circumstantial evidence would prove me so, I am afraid," replied Lillian, a little smile creeping about her lips which Richard very promptly kissed away.

Then her arms crept up about his neck and clung there with a tenderness which thrilled him from head to foot.

"Oh, Richard," she whispered, "I am so glad."

"Glad of what, my own?" he asked.

"That you have never made love to any other woman," she murmured. "I did not realize how much I loved you until you told me that, and then my heart ached with love for you. Richard, did you never feel like making love to any one—before?"

"Never," he replied, emphatically. Then he raised her little hand and kissed it tenderly and reverently.

"You, my darling," he murmured, passionately, "are the only woman I ever have loved; you are the only woman I ever shall love."

She disengaged herself from his arms, she looked about her with shy, happy eyes. The sky had never seemed quite so exquisitely blue before nor the sunlight so bright. On a branch above her head a little bird, a soft red-breast, was pouring out its heart in a burst of song. It was like an echo of the sweet jubilance which thrilled the girl's soul.

"Lillian, when will you marry me?" asked Richard, as they walked slow toward The Oaks, Sultan following at their heels like a dog.

"Oh it is much too soon even to think of that," she replied, with a smile and an enchanting blush.

"But will you not begin to think about it now—seriously, sweetheart?" he asked. "Why should we not be married very soon? I am sure you cannot be happy at The Oaks—"

He paused abruptly. Lillian gave a quick start and looked up to his face. Her heart leaped and quivered with fright. Across the road, directly in front of them, there lay a broad stream of golden sunlight; athwart it there fell suddenly a strange shadow, a twisted, writhing shadow which looked neither like the shadow of a man nor beast.

(To be continued next week.)

CONSUMPTION ANNIHILATED.

The Dr. Slocum System at Last Presents to Mankind a Perfect and Positive Cure for This Foe of Health.

CONQUERING THE CURSE OF CENTURIES.

By Special Arrangement, Three Free Bottles of the Doctor Slocum System to All Readers of the Chicago Ledger.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The Slocum System is medicine reduced to an exact science by the world's most famous physician. All readers of the Chicago Ledger anxious regarding the health of themselves, children, relatives or friends, may have three free bottles, as represented in the above illustration, with complete directions, pamphlets, testimonials, etc., by sending full address to Dr. T. A. Slocum, The Slocum Building, New York City. This is a plain, honest, straightforward offer, and is made to introduce the Merits of The New System of Treatment, and should be accepted at once. When writing the Doctor please mention the Chicago Ledger, and greatly oblige.

LETTING DOWN THE BARS

ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN.

Twilight falls from out the sky,
And the moor-hen, sad and lone,
Sobs aloft her dismal cry
As I drive the cattle home.
O'er the moors her voice is calling,
Sweet inflections, rising, falling

'Neath the promise of the stars,
And twixt moor and meadow lands,
By the rustic gateway stands
Jessie, letting down the bars.

* * * * * * * * *

Fairy fancies faintly fall
In the chambers of my brain,
In my heart I hear her call
O'er the mossland hills again.
Through the toil, the noise, the strife,
All the cares of busy life,
Through the prizes and the scars,
In my dreams I seem to see,
With her brown hair floating free,
Jessie, letting down the bars.

Jessie kissed the Prince of Death
And he bade her silent lie,
But the sound of memory's breath
In my heart can never die.
When I bring my flock of years—
Gilded hopes and faded fears—
To the City in the Stars,
I shall see my darling wait,
I shall see within the Gate—
Jessie, letting down the bars.

What a Baby Can Do.

It can wear out a pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in the newspapers for a nurse.

It can occupy both sides of the largest-sized bed manufactured, simultaneously.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second-class boarding-house keeper at the seaside, who "never take children," which in nine cases out of ten is very fortunate for the children.

It can make itself look like a fiend just when mamma wants to show "what a pretty baby she has."

It can make an old bachelor in the adjoining room use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him in prison for two years.

It can go to sleep "like a little angel," and just as mamma and papa are starting for the theater, it can wake up and stay awake until the last act.—

A Clue to Character.

"If a man begins to pay attention," said a bright little matron, the other day, to a bevy of girls who had dropped in for a chat and an afternoon cup of tea, "and you think he means business, just let him take you out cycling.

"There is nothing like a cycle ride, in my idea. If you are uncertain whether you care for a certain person or not, for you would be surprised at the numberless little ways in which character is brought out by circumstances which happen on the road.

"Is he selfish? Does he want to set the pace for you, and to have things all his own way? Does he talk a great deal about himself? Is he boastful? Is he discourteous with strangers?

"Don't judge him by his treatment of you. That is not enough. See how he behaves towards others and you will know the man."

We are informed by the Hayner Distilling Co., 305 to 311 W. Fifth St., Dayton, O., that they will send the readers of this paper four quart bottles of Hayner's seven-year-old double distilled Rye for $3.20, express prepaid, and after you have tested it if you are not satisfied you may return same to them, and they will refund the money. This concern is the only distillers selling direct to the consumer, and we can recommend them to be thoroughly reliable and trustworthy.—[Editor.]

A Savage on "White Lies."

Of the party of fourteen Iowa Indians who visited London some time back, there wass one named Wash-ke-mon-ye (the fast dancer). He was a droll fellow and a critic, and had picked up enough English to enable him to make a few simple sentences and to draw amusing comparisons. He was asked one day by the gentleman who brought the party to London how he liked the white people; to which he replied: "Well, white man—suppose mouth shut, patty good; mouth open, no good—me no like um, not much." This reply created a smile among the party, and the chief said that one of the most striking peculiarities which all Indian tribes discovered amongst the white people was the derangement and absence of their teeth, and which they believed were destroyed by the number of lies that passed over them!

Here You Are Boys.

Do you want to earn a watch? If so, read the advertisement of Sawyer Crystal Blue Co., on page 3 of this issue.

A full-grown black ostrich is 7 feet high, and easily carries on its back, with the speed of a horse, a man of average size.

DON CARLOS,

The Pretender—The Present Pretender Is Third of His Name.

The history of the Carlist movement, which the present disorders in Spain have brought to the surface again, dates back to the year 1829, when Ferdinand VII. abolished the Salic law. His brother Carlos and others entered protest against the abolition. In 1830, however, the queen gave birth to a daughter, Isabella, who was proclaimed queen on the death of Ferdinand in 1833, her mother acting as regent—Don Carlos thereupon announced his intention to maintain the Salic law. Then followed a desperate struggle between the government and the Carlists which lasted until 1839, when the later were overcome and Don Carlos renounced his claims in favor of his eldest son.

The Queen Regent had but a brief time of peaceful reign. Under English influences she was forced to go to France and Espartero was made regent, but in 1843 he, too, was forced into exile, owing to his English sympathies. Isabella was now of age and was proclaimed queen, and Louis Phillippe negotiated for her the famous, or infamous Spanish marriage. Then came the revolution and Isabella fled to France, followed by the organization of a provisional government under the regency of Marshal Serrano. At last Amadeus Second, son of Victor Emmanuel, was made king, but he tired of the task and resigned in 1872. Spain for a short time was a republic, with Castelar at the head. The Spaniards, however, had no sympathy with a republic, and to add to its troubles Don Carlos raised a revolt in the Basque provinces, which was finally put down in 1876 by Alfonso XII., son of the exiled Isabella, who became Amadeus' successor and who died in 1885. Then the regency was intrusted to Christina of Austria, whose son Alfonso XIII., is titular King of Spain.

The present Don Carlos, the pretender, is the third of his name, the first being the father of Ferdinand VII. He died in 1855. The second was Don Carlos Antonio, who was born in 1822 and who resigned his claims to the crown in 1868 to the present Don Carlos Marie-de-los-Dolores, who was born in 1848 and who married in 1867 the Princess Marguerite of Bourbon, daughter of Duke Carlos III. of Parma.

Whatever may be the outcome of the present disorders in Spain it is not likely that the pretender will come to the throne. His following is small and he is not a strong man in any sense. There is nothing about him to indicate that he would have done any better had he been in power than the present government has done.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In the way of setting people at their ease the Queen is known to be an adept. She greatly likes a visitor who is shy, or who colours or gets agitated when addressed. At the finish of an interview her Majesty generally gives a little nod or offers her hand, and then turns slightly to one side to save the very trying necessity of an entirely backward exit from her presence.

Bad Blood is a Good Thing

to be rid of, because bad blood is the breeding place of disfiguring and dangerous diseases. Is your blood bad? It is if you are plagued by pimples or bothered by boils, if your skin is blotched by eruptions or your body eaten by sores and ulcers. You can have good blood, which is pure blood, if you want it. You can be rid of pimples, boils, blotches, sores and ulcers. How? By the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It is the radical remedy for all diseases originating in the blood. Read the evidence:

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me by my physician as a blood purifier. When I began taking it I had boils all over my body. One bottle cured me."—BONNER CRAFT, Wesson, Miss.

"After six years' suffering from blood poison, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and although I have used only three bottles of this great medicine, the sores have nearly all disappeared."—A. A. MANNING, Houston, Texas.

IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE MAINE.

BY J. D. LAWTHER.

In the farm lands of the city grieves a woman—sad—alone;
'Neath God's everlasting pity she is weeping for her own.
Cabinets have toiled and wrangled; statesmen could not soothe her pain,
For that weary heart is tangled in the wreckage of the Maine.

Through the golden halls of fashion moves a lady tall and fair;
Round her gleam the flames of passion, on the soft magnetic air;
Suitors bow and bend above her, but their wiles are all in vain—
She is thinking of a lover in the wreckage of the Maine.

On a cot a sailor lying rests his soul in silent prayer;
Through the long days he is dying, but his tears are falling there
For the gallant fellow-seamen who will rest while time shall reign
In that sepulcher of freemen, 'neath the wreckage of the Maine.

On a continent of splendor is a nation calmly grand—
Freedom's natural defender, honest labor's helping hand—
And it speaks, half kind, half cruel: Liberate, O haughty Spain,
Soon may grasp another jewel from the wreckage of the Maine.

A FAMOUS DRUMMER BOY.

How He Saved the Life of His Adjutant—A Medal Granted Him.

New York.—A few years ago a little group of federal veterans visited the famous Virginia battle ground known to northern soldiers as Antietam and to those who fought under the stars and bars as Sharpsburg. The visitors were members of the Hawkins Zouave association of New York, and during the war they had fought ...

... merely upon the memories of himself and his comrades; it is inscribed in the archives of the United States government, which has testified its gratitude by awarding him one of the rare medals of honor granted only "for conspicuous acts of bravery or self-sacrifice and not for acts wholly within the line of official duty, however nobly performed." So far as I have been able to learn he is the only drummer thus distinguished.

HOW LANGBEIN WON HIS MEDAL.

Young Langbein was the smallest member of the drum corps of his regiment, and his face was so plump and girlish, and his figure so slight, that he was known by all his comrades as "Jennie," a nickname given to him by a soldier who said the lad looked just like his sweetheart at home in the north.

The battle of Camden, known to the confederates as the battle of Sawyer's Lane, though not one of the most famous in the ...

... or the screaming shot and shell, he rushed up to his friend, caught him as in his delirium he was wandering aimlessly about, and managed to pilot him without further hurt from the field, and to a comparatively quiet place. There the lad gave the officer a drink from his canteen and then rushed away to find the regimental surgeon. When that officer arrived Bartholomew was unconscious, but soon revived a little.

"I felt the doctor pushing his fingers into my wound," says Bartholomew; "he felt in and around it, and I then heard him tell 'Jennie' it was no use, that I was nearly dead, and that it would not be worth while to move me."

Then the doctor left, but Langbein would not abandon his friend. The boy was not strong enough unaided to carry the officer away, but he hunted up Charley Wiley, the drum major, a big strapping fellow, and together they managed to convey the unconscious man to a house near by, where he was placed upon a bed. Langbein's devotion to his friend did not cease with his rescue from the field, however. Later in the day the confederates were reinforced and the federals had to retreat, and so hasty that it was not a question of taking care of the wounded. In the circumstances the adjutant would have been abandoned had it not been for the continued devotion of his little friend, who managed to get the injured man into the army wagon and stayed by him until he was safe in the federal hospital at Roanoke Island, where he ultimately recovered, and later joined ...

Leading the Assault.

OTHER WAR EXPERIENCES AND DEEDS OF LANGBEIN'S.

YOUNGEST DRUMMER ENROLLED.

LANGBEIN'S CAREER SINCE THE WAR.

WOMEN CURE DRUNKARDS.

ELOQUENT WORDS FROM A WIFE WHO RESCUED HER HUSBAND FROM A TERRIBLE HABIT.

Secretly Gave Him a Remedy in His Coffee and He Now Rejoices With Her.

Mrs. Chas. L. Miller.

Delicious Tutti Frutti Pudding.

Airy Nothings.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans against your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's clear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so tight;
You do not prize the blessing overmuch,
You are almost too tired to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness!—a year ago
I did not feel it as I do today;
We are so dull and thankless, and so slow
To catch the blessing ere it steals away.
And if some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,
That restless, curling head from off your breast,
The child's dear tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your breast the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your own again—
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown,
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot
Or worn-out jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more—

If I could mend a broken toy today,
Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
The singing birdling from my nest has flown!
The little child I used to kiss is dead!

SWEETENING THE BREATH.

Simple Devices for Filling the Mouth With a Vague Yet Delicious Perfume.

The charm of an agreeable breath consists in the fact that there is nothing noticeable about it, only somehow there is always a subtle, clean fragrance in the atmosphere surrounding the person who pays due attention to the inward as well as the outward man. There is nothing that so nearly suggests this atmosphere as the delightful sensation experienced when after a day's tramp in the country one sinks to sleep under grass-bleached sheets, with the scent of the fields still lingering about them. Such bed linen as this has always been dried in the open air, and upon inquiry it will be discovered it has been folded away with sprigs or bags of old-fashioned lavender scattered between. If one seeks for the reason for this same "odor of cleanliness" about certain people it will be found that after all it comes from the very prosaic fact that both breath and person are as clean as the well-washed sheets, and it is only after this purity has been attained that the linen is ready for the lavender or the person for the use of perfumes.

That most hideous thing, a bad breath, is in almost every case to be traced to the teeth; in proof of this statement it is only necessary to draw attention to the fact that people who have no teeth but those provided by the dentist, seldom have disagreeable breath, and in the rare cases where this is noticed in toothless babies it is banished at once by some simple medicine.

Cleanse the mouth thoroughly, after first brushing the teeth. The very best mouth washes may now be bought in tablet form; one or two of these will make sufficient wash to last a week and must be kept on the stand as inevitably as tooth brush or powder. A thorough washing and gargling with this wash and a positive knowledge that there is not the slightest suspicion of decay about the teeth, and one may then make sure of a sweet breath by the use of cachous made as follows: Dissolve three ounces of licorice extract in the same measure of cold water. Two small saucepans or tin cups, one larger than the other, arranged like a double boiler, with boiling water outside, is necessary. When the licorice is dissolved add half an ounce of gum arabic and one of catechu. Allow it to boil away to two-thirds, then add a drachm each of mastic, cascarilla, charcoal and orris root. The latter is for fragrance, while most of the other ingredients are sweetening and cleansing. These are to be pounded to a powder before adding to the other ingredients. Afterward stir, still with the boiling water in the outside vessel, allowing the whole to boil down until it is of proper consistency to roll into pellets. All of these materials are so simple and inexpensive that for a very small outlay any druggist will weigh them out.

For a change a few cents' worth of whole cubebs, are cleansing and sweetening for the breath, two or three of these well chewed and swallowed will leave a pungent pleasant taste in the mouth, and give to the breath an agreeableness not at all suggestive of "doctoring."

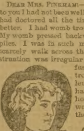
Orris root should always form an ingredient in successful cachous, it suggests violets, and is the subtlest and most successful perfume to be obtained if it is always made sure that it is fresh. Before buying break a bit in two, and if moist, and there is a slight suggestion of damp violets all is well. Do not expect any but a slight odor; this comes out only after the root is broken in small bits and soaked in spirits. If grated like horseradish it will yield its perfume still more effectually.

A very simple yet effectual sweetener of the breath is root licorice. As it leaves such an awkward "quid" which cannot be swallowed, it does not take the place of cachous, which melt in the mouth but if, while putting the last touches to the toilet, a good-sized bit of this is nibbled it gives a very agreeable aroma to the breath. The writer once stood on a street corner in close confab with a group of girls; in coming rather close to one of them in the desire to catch a whispered bit of gossip, a faint odor of violets was perceptible. Not a sign of this flower appeared upon any of the party, so, with a sniff of pleasure, the question was asked, "Who has violets on this bleak day when they are worth their weight in gold?" "I'm the culprit," was the reply from one of the party, "but it's the odor without the flower," and she took from her muff a bit of stick nibbled at the ends. "Only this and nothing more." It need not be added that every girl of that party became a confirmed nibbler." REBEKAH UNDERWOOD.

MRS. PINKHAM'S ADVICE.

What Mrs. Nell Hurst has to Say About It.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you I had not been well for five years; had doctored all the time but got no better. I had womb trouble very bad. My womb pressed backward, causing piles. I was in such misery I could scarcely walk across the floor. Menstruation was irregular and too profuse, was also troubled with leucorrhœa. I had given up all hopes of getting well; everybody thought I had consumption. After taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I felt very much better and was able to do nearly all my own work. I continued the use of your medicine, and feel that I owe my recovery to you. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and your wonderful medicine. Any one doubting my statement may write to me and I will gladly answer all inquiries.—MRS. NELL HURST, Deepwater, Mo.



Letters like the foregoing, constantly being received, contribute not a little to the satisfaction felt by Mrs. Pinkham that her medicine and counsel ...

Cleaning Carpets.

The method employed in the British factories for cleaning velvet, moquette, Aubisson, etc., carpets is the simplest, as to means, conceivable. It requires great faithfulness, but, given a good carpet to start with, if done every six months should preserve the fabric in good order for twenty-five years.

By this passing of a quarter of a century the colors will be faded, but they will have faded so beautifully as to be more grateful to the eye and better than ever fulfill the carpet's mission, which is to be a background to the furniture.

Have two large pans of water, one clear and tepid and the other hot and soapy, made so by shaving "white curd" soap, say, two ounces of soap to two gallons of water. Have plenty of perfectly clean white cotton rags, free from thread ends and "lint."

Take a square of the carpet at one time and wash the surface quickly with a clean rag and the soapy water. Take up as much of the soiled water as possible, then wring out this cloth into a third pan of tepid water. Take the other pan of tepid water and wipe the soaped and clean surface well, being careful as possible to rub over, not rub in. Then wipe this with clean cloths until as dry as reasonable in so short a time. Proceed with the rest of the carpet until finished, guarding against any shadowy boundary lines by going back of each square as you continue. Change water at every third or fourth square; more often if the carpet needs it.

The very first square will give your reward of merit within an hour. Not only will the carpet look clean and feel cleaner, but it will be improved and have greater strength and prettiness. This washing is good for the textile, if the rule is followed and you do not get lazy over it, but rub faithfully and let the dry, sunny air sweep over and raise each tuft of the weaving until as good as new.

Clean soap, clean water and clean white cotton cloths are the pharmacopoeia for fabrics.

Stop Wearing Feathers.

It has been said, but with how much truth we have no means of knowing, that the agitation by newspapers, the endeavors of Audubon societies, and the appeals of humanitarians, have had no appreciable effect as yet in diminishing the slaughter of birds for the sake of their feathers. If it is true that this wholesale destruction of our harmless and beautiful little friends has shown no diminution, we must not jump at the conclusion that it will not ...

An Artistic Screen.

Serving Celery.

... is one of the few things about which there is absolutely no waste. From an ordinary bunch of celery of five stalks pick off the large leaves, wash them, and place in a quart of water, letting the quantity boil down to about half a pint; when cold bottle this liquid and keep in a cool place to be used for flavoring gravies and soups. Next, the five roots; wash and boil the same as potatoes, trying them with a fork to tell when done. Cut them into thin slices, and a finely cut onion, and make into a salad the same as the ordinary potato salad.

The large and coarser stalks of celery cut into inch lengths, boil, cover with a cream sauce, and serve as a vegetable.

The delicate stalks use as ordinarily for a relish, and the young yellow leaves will be found to make a pretty trimming for the meat dish. This uses every scrap of the celery itself, but the careful housekeeper will not even discard the string which ties the stalks together, but if it is long enough will roll it up for future use.

Hints on Preserving the Eyes.

If you wish to preserve your vision, here are a few hints it would be well to remember.

When your eyes begin to feel tired from near work, take a short walk, or, if this cannot be done, bathe them in cold water and keep them closed for a few minutes.

If you are sick, rest your eyes as long as your body is at rest.

If you have worked hard all day and are tired, instead of reading lie down with a cold cloth over the eyes. You will be surprised how quickly you will regain your natural vigor.

Never read or work with a light shining in your eyes; the glare or heat always weakens the muscles. It is best to have the light to strike your work from the side and a little back.

Never read while lying down. This is a position for rest. You are working the eyes without the body, consequently overtaxing them.

Do not be ashamed to wear glasses when your eyes are constantly tired. Glasses well fitted will relieve the eyes. They are not to be worn as a rule all the time; only when the eyes need rest. By so doing you will not only preserve your eyes but often prevent sickness.

Walnut Cake.

One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of butter (scant), one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, separate and beat, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda. One pound of walnuts, chopped a little. Save a few halves of nuts to put on frosting.

Frosting—One cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour; cook until it threads, then add to well-beaten white of one egg. Beat until smooth, add flavoring, and spread with a silver knife.

In chopping the nuts, it is best not to have them too fine, as they are apt to make merely a soggy spot in the cake where a toothsome meat should be.

Greater New York's First Baby.

William Paul Miller of the borough of Manhattan has the proud distinction of being the first baby born in Greater New York. He arrived one second after midnight of New Year's morning. He is a healthy lad, and there is every prospect of his being around at a time when the Greater New York of the present day will be regarded as a city very much in its infancy.

Fritters.

Camphor Stimulates Plants.

Cheese Pudding.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

RUPTURE

OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABITS

GLAD TIDINGS TO MOTHERS

Magic Dip Needle

"MY OWN" CYCLES

TRAVELING MEN $2.00

YOUR BUST

BATTLE-SHIP MAINE

$22 SENT FREE

FREE Try It FREE The Misses Bell's Complexion Tonic FREE THIS MONTH

DO NOT MISS THIS CHANCE.

Liberal Offer

Complexion Beautiful

THE MISSES BELL, or THE BELL TOILET CO.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

WORLD'S LEADER

ASTHMA CURED

Repeater 300 Shot Air-Rifle and BOYCE'S MONTHLY, 98c

CORPULEAN

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

BIG G

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BLACK DAVY OR THE SECRET OF RED EARTH CLAIM

BY JOHN R. MUSICK

["Black Davy" was commenced in No. 14. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent, or by addressing the Chicago office. Price 5 cents each.]

SYNOPSIS.

[A mysterious murder and robbery is committed in Red Earth, a western mining town, the victim being a wealthy capitalist, William Martin. It is supposed the criminal is Black Davy, an unknown desperado, who has terrorized the vicinity for some time. Belle, a lovely niece of Martin's, comes from the east to visit her uncle. Her coach is held up by Black Davy, and she herself falls into the hands of a strange creature, Idiot Joe, as a prisoner. Dandy Dick, a young detective, and her lover, arrives on the scene. Her brother, Joe Martin, joins in the search, together with Red Hall, the sheriff, and Jacob Meeks, partner in the mines. Joe Martin discovers that the gold has been stolen from the vault. Belle, learning that the cavern where she is concealed, is to be searched, dispatches a note to the mysterious George Lennox, and he causes the idiot to set about removing her. The detective receives a note from the mysterious George Lenox informing him that Belle is in the mountain. Accompanied by Jeff, he starts out to find her, meets Joe Martin on the way, and after some adventures, all go into camp for the night. They are attacked.]

CHAPTER XIX.

SEEKING BELLE MARTIN.

Dandy Dick read the note which had been thrust into his hand again and again.

"Great heaven! Can this be true?" he asked.

"What am it, massa?" asked Jeff, who was gazing in the direction their strange visitor had gone.

Dick read the note again:

"Miss Belle Martin is in these mountains, but she is safe. GEORGE LENOX."

"Who am dat, boss?" asked the negro.

"I don't know, Jeff. Did you ever hear of any one called George Lenox?"

"No, boss."

"Nor did I."

"Who am et?"

"I don't know. But he says that Miss Belle Martin is in the mountains."

"Golly, boss, I bet she am de gal."

"What girl, Jeff?"

"Why, when I war at de mining town ob Red Earth, I done hearn some ob de fellers dar talkin' about a gal."

"Who were they?"

"Done no, boss; dey war miners, I spect, ur cowboys, ur suthin' like dat."

"What did they say, Jeff?"

"Dey say dat when de road agent, Black Davy, rob de stage dar war a gal along as wuz comin' ter Red Earth, an' when de robbers want ter grab her, she jist out ob dat stage coach an' de driver ob de stage thought may be she war a runnin' yit."

"That may have been Belle Martin."

"Does [illegible] Belle Martin?"

"Wall, dis mighty [illegible] her t' be for suah, boss."

"Jeff."

"Yes, boss."

"Saddle the horses at once."

"Why?"

"We are going to start in search of her."

"Who?"

"Belle Martin."

Then, as Jeff went away to saddle the horses, the detective said to himself:

"There is a wheel within a wheel in this; a mystery within a mystery, which I failed to unravel. I thought I was getting down to bed rock in the matter, but this George Lenox is a new factor, an unknown quantity, and the great question is

"That may have been Belle Martin."

Jeff soon had the horses saddled, and the two men mounted and set off up the mountain road.

Never did Dandy Dick feel more at sea than on this occasion. He knew not where to go, nor which road to take. He was filled with doubt, dread, and consternation at the thought of Belle Martin, the one being whom he loved above all others, being exposed to the dangers of the mountains.

They had traveled three or four hours up the valley, when the negro whose eyes were continually rolling in every direction suddenly cried:

"Look, massa, dar am one ob dem now?"

"Who?"

"Dun know! Look!"

He pointed in the direction of the cliff above and showed him a horseman coming.

"I know him," said Dick.

"Who am et, boss?"

"Joe Martin, the very gentleman above all others whom I wanted to see."

"Yes, massa. Glad et am him. Maybe he help us."

It proved indeed to be the miner, who was riding with his eyes upon the ground, and a melancholy expression on his face.

"Hello, Joe, Joe Martin," cried Dandy Dick."

The horseman drew rein, and fixed his eye on the detective.

"Dick, Dick is it you?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know, Joe. I am glad to have met you, for I have a revelation to make you that may be of the utmost importance."

"What is it?" asked Joe.

"Belle Martin is in this country?"

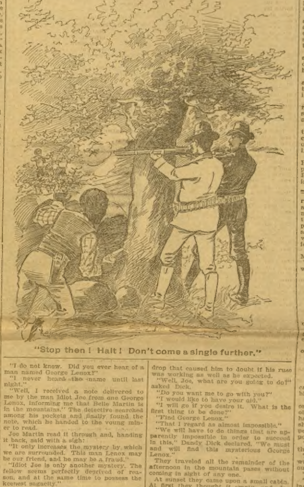
"What?"

"Belle Martin is in the mountains."

"Do you mean my cousin Belle, from Omaha?"

"I do."

"Why is she here?"



"Stop then! Halt! Don't come a single further."

"I do not know. Did you ever hear of a man named George Lenox?"

"I never heard the name until last night."

"Well, I received a note delivered to me by the man Idiot Joe from one George Lenox, informing me that Belle Martin is in the mountains." The detective searched among his pockets and finally found the note, which he handed to the young miner to read.

Joe Martin read it through and, handing it back, said with a sigh:

"It only increases the mystery by which we are surrounded. This man Lenox may be our friend, and he may be a fraud."

"Idiot Joe is only another mystery. The fellow seems perfectly deprived of reason, and at the same time to possess the keenest sagacity."

"I some times think he is not such a fool as he seems."

"And I have been led to believe the same way. But I have more news for you," said the young miner. "I have been robbed."

"What do you mean?" asked Dick.

"The vault has been entered during my absence, and over one hundred thousand dollars in dust taken."

He then told how he had been warned by this same man Lenox through the idiot Joe, and how he had gone to the office and found his partner there, and they began the search, and found the bags of gold dust missing.

"Why did you not take the dust to the mints?"

"I would have taken it, but my partner, Jacob Meeks, thought it would be safer at home."

"Have you no suspicions?" asked Dandy Dick.

There was a long silence, during which the miner heaved several sighs. At last he said:

"No, I have no suspicion that I would ever dare breathe."

Dick, who had been studying his face well, read his thoughts, but did not attempt to probe them too closely. After another silence Dick said:

"Well, your loss is a very great one, but I believe that we can find the robber. This Black Davy, beyond a doubt, has something to do with it, we will find the missing gold, but first let us find the young lady."

"Is my cousin Belle a prisoner?"

"I do not know. If I knew who George Lenox was, and knew what his intentions were, I could form a better conclusion in the matter."

"Yes, yes! Well, where are you going to search for this young lady?"

"That is a mystery. That is what annoys me. If we could only find this man Lenox we would know what was best. If we only knew that he could be relied on, then I would feel more easy in regard to Miss Martin."

Dandy Dick had revealed his real identity to no one but Joe Martin.

Being in the employ of that individual, and being in love with his pretty relative, he felt that he could not deceive him even as to his identity. The fact that Joe Martin knew the young detective increased his faith in what he said;

Dandy Dick was by no means sure that his identity was not suspected by the very men whom he was endeavoring to bring to justice. There had been hints let drop that caused him to doubt if his ruse was working as well as he expected.

"Well, Joe, what are you going to do?" asked Dick.

"Do you want me to go with you?"

"I would like to have your aid."

"I will go if you desire it. What is the first thing to be done?"

"Find George Lenox."

"That appears almost impossible."

"We will have to do things that are apparently impossible in order to succeed in this," Dandy Dick declared. "We must and will find this mysterious George Lenox."

They traveled all the remainder of the afternoon in the mountain pass without coming in sight of any one.

At sunset they came upon a small cabin. At first they thought it empty and deserted, but on a nearer approach saw a pale blue streak of thin smoke issuing from the chimney, and rode directly toward it.

"Do you know who lives here?" asked Dandy Dick.

"No," answered Martin.

"Was you ever at this place before?"

"Never."

"Nor heard of it?"

"No."

When they reached the hut they found no one there but an old woman whose wrinkled, shriveled face had something about it peculiarly diabolical. She had small black wicked eyes, with which she gazed upon the new comers as if she was some ravenous beast, who would like to tear them limb from limb.

"Hello! Who lives here?' asked Dick.

The old woman who was beyond doubt part Mexican, or Indian, gave him a peculiar look, and answered:

"I do."

"Who are you?"

"Mountain' Sukey."

"Did you ever hear of Mountain Sukey?" asked Dick of Joe Martin in a low tone.

"No. She is a mystery to me."

"How long have you lived here, Sukey?" Dick asked, raising his voice a little higher.

"Wall, youngster, I reckin' it's a right smart time."

"Several years?"

"Yes."

"Do you know many people in the mountains."

"Wall, I know some, and then ag'in thars some I don't want ter know, as I do know."

Dick and Joe Martin exchanged glances. There was some strange-hidden meaning in the manner of the woman. She seemed to have read their thoughts as she gazed at them with her keen little witch like eyes.

Dick at last dismounted and going quite close to the withered witch-like creature asked:

"Do you know George Lenox?"

"George Lenox," she cried with a chuckle, "wall I reckin I orter know him like er book."

"Where is he?"

"I dun know whar George is jist now."

Joe Martin came quite close and dismounting evinced as much interest as did Dick. She was the only person whom they had met, who had any knowledge of the mysterious personage, George Lenox, and no wonder they were interested in her.

"How long have you known him?" Dick asked.

"Wall, lem me see, its been goin' on t' twelve yeers, I reckon."

"Have you all that time lived here?"

"No."

"Where have you lived?"

"Fust one thing an' then another."

"What have you been doing all this time?"

"Fust one thing an' then another.' "

Jeff who sat on his horse gazed at the dark, sinister face of the old woman and made up his mind at once that she was a witch. With all the superstitution of his race, he was a firm believer in witchcraft, and made many signs and motions for his master to come away, while he fondled the rabbits foot which he carried in his pocket. But Dick was so bent on gleaning all the information he could from this old woman, that he paid no heed to the anxiety of the negro.

"Do you know a young lady named Belle Martin?" he asked.

"Wall, I hain't never seen her," the woman answered.

"You have heard her spoken of?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"By George Lenox."

"Do you know where we can find her?"

"Who be ye, any way?" she asked.

"We are friends of the young lady."

The old woman gave vent to a dry chuckle, and said in a low tone:

"Tain't everybody as says he is a friend to people as is in airnist. I dun know whether yer foolin' me ur not.'

"We are in earnest. This man is a cousin of his Belle Martin."

"He be?"

"Yes."

"How do I know it?"

"There is a strong family resemblance."

"Well ez I never seed this Miss Belle, I can't tell nuthin' about family resemblances."

Dick was nonplussed. At last he hit upon a scheme to gain the confidence of the old woman. He remembered the note he had received from George Lenox, and as she seemed to be a friend of that mythical personage, he drew the missive from his pocket, and handed it to her.

"Read that," he said, "and you will see that George Lenox trusts me."

The old woman glared at the handwriting, and then seemed slowly spelling out the words. At last she said:

"Yes, that seems all right."

"Now the note was sent to me acquainting me of the presence of Belle Martin in the mountains. He knew I was Belle Martin's friend, and sent it to me. Where is she? We want to see her."

"Dun know whar she is, strunger," the woman answered.

"Can't we see her?"

"I reckin' ye kin."

"When?"

"Wall, mighty soon."

"Where?"

"Come back an' I'll tell ye in th' mornin'."

All efforts to draw her out more explicitly were utterly useless, and she finally retired within the house, leaving them to go away or hang about the place as they saw fit.

CHAPTER XX.

"SHOULDER TO SHOULDER."

Dandy Dick and his two companions were for several moments puzzled, and at a loss how next to proceed.

The old woman who had brought the conversation to such an abrupt conclusion seemed to have retired within her hut for the night.

All the rapping and calling, and all efforts to gain her attention were utterly futile. She was silent as the grave, and the house seemed deserted.

Dick suggested an invasion, but his companions persuaded him out of it. Jeff objected to any violence, for he feared that the old woman was a witch, and that she would afflict him with some horrible disease, or she would turn him into a horse, and ride him to death. He had a dread of witches, and he knew that she must be one, if ever there was one.

Joe believed that the woman had some valuable information which they would gain by coaxing her, but which would never be taken from her by force.

They withdrew a few hundred paces from the house and held a consultation.

"Do you think the old woman is telling the truth?" Dick asked.

"Yes," Joe Martin answered. "I believe that she is speaking the truth."

"Did you ever hear of her before, Joe?"

"No."

"How can it be possible that she could live here all these years and you not hear of her?"

"Because this is a portion of the mountains we seldom come to. I was never here in my life before, although it is not such a great distance from Red Earth."

"And how did you come to be here this time, Joe?"

"Well, to admit the truth, my friend, I lost my way and wandered here by accident."

"Do you think we had better wait until morning for her answer?"

"I know we had."

"Yes, golly, boss, ye better do as dat woman say, ur golly she blow one ob dem witch balls clean through ye."

Despite his anxiety Dandy Dick was compelled to laugh at the superstition of the negro.

"There is no danger of witch balls" he said. "There is far more danger of pistol balls."

The great question to be decided by our friends was what they were to do until morning.

Dick favored watching the hut.

Joe Martin objected.

"No, if we are going to trust her, let's do it. I believe that the old woman is honest, and that she will in some way see this George Lenox before morning, and he will advise her to inform us where we can find the girl."

"But can we really trust this man, George Lenox?"

"Yes."

"Why do you think so?"

"He has only given me good advice. He warned me that I was being robbed."

Dandy Dick had to admit that there was something in the theory of the miner; and they rode half a mile up the deep ravine, where they halted to pass the night.

"Joe Martin," said Dick when they had unsaddled their horses and turned them out upon the little green plot to graze, "do you know that I feel that we are in great

"We will be attacked before morning."

"Why?"

"We wil be attacked before morning."

Joe asked him if he believed that Lenox was leading them into a trap.

"No, I had never thought of that, but we are not far from the spot where Jeff and I had the conflict with the two outlaws, and I believe that more will follow on our trail before morning, and we shall have trouble. I merely mention this to have you keep your eyes open and be on the alert."

"Yes, yes, I understand. Do you suppose in case we come to a knock down with the enemy, we can depend on this negro?"

"Yes, in a fight Jeff can be depended upon. He is brave enough when he is hemmed, and has some one at his side."

They placed their saddles in a hollow rock, and left the horses to graze in the narrow valley, while they took up their camping place at the head of the ravine, behind a great stone.

The night was cloudless and the men could have slept well on their saddles had they been permitted to do so.

"Joe, we will have to leave a man on guard," said Dick.

"Yes."

"I don't believe that we can trust Jeff?"

"Why?"

"He is too excitable. I can get along with half a night's sleep if you can."

"I can," Joe declared.

"Which would you rather have, the first or second half of the night."

"It makes no difference to me," he said.

"Then tumble down, and I will stand guard the first half."

The miner was soon asleep, and at 1 o'clock next morning Dick finding everything quiet roused him and said:

"Now, Joe, it is your turn."

"How is the night?" Joe asked.

"All quiet."

"Have you seen no sign of any one?"

"No."

"Heard no strange cries?"

"I did hear the cry of some night birds."

"That may be an ominous sound," said Joe. "I don't like to hear those sounds."

"Well, to tell the truth, Joe, I did not like the noises, but as they were some distance away, and not repeated, I have tried to believe that they meant nothing. However, you must keep your eyes open, and don't let any one catch us napping."

Then Dandy Dick dropped down on his saddle, his Winchester rifle under him, and his revolvers buckled about his waist. So accustomed had he become to danger that it was but a few moments before he was buried in slumber.

He slept about two hours, when Joe touched his shoulder. In a moment he was wide awake and on his feet.

"What is it Joe?" he asked.

"Some is coming, Dick."

"Ah, I thought as much. How many are they?"

"I have seen but three."

"There may be thirty."

He went quietly to where Jeff lay on his back snoring and touched the negro. But Jeff was too firmly fixed in the arms of morpheus to be awakened by any slight shaking. It took two or three sound shakes for him to start up whispering:

"What am it, boss, what fur ye wakin' dis niggah."

"Jeff, there is about to be trouble?"

Dick spoke in a very quiet tone.

"What?" Jeff asked.

"Some people are coming; now, Jeff, get up and take your pistols, and be a man."

"Golly, I jis know dis niggah gwine ter be killed afoah he git home," the African groaned.

"Jeff, be a man. We are going to fight, and we will conquer. We will drive those fellows off."

Joe Martin who was standing near a tree with his rifle in his hand suddenly called:

"Stop there! Halt! Don't you come a single step further!"

Then the click of a gun lock, and a moment later two distant reports.

A bullet whizzed through the night air flattened against a stone just at the rear of where the two men were standing.

"Shoulder to shoulder!" cried Dandy Dick leaping forward with his Winchester rifle and opening fire on the dark forms that, were creeping up the ravine.

"Give it to them, Jeff! Give it to them!" he roared and being thus encouraged, Jeff drew one of his large revolvers and began blazing away as rapidly as he could pull the trigger.

Dandy Dick fired his Winchester until half the shots had been discharged, and then laying it at his side drew a revolver in each hand.

"Are you hurt, Joe?" he asked.

"Only a scratch."

"They are going to make a charge on us. Now stand firm—shoulder to shoulder."

(To be continued next week.)

FREE TRIAL TO ANY HONEST MAN

The Foremost Medical Company in the World in the Cure of Weak Men Makes This Offer.

Health and Energy Assured; Happy Marriage, Good Temper, Long Life.

In all the world today—in all the history of the world—no doctor or institu-

tion has treated and restored so many men as has the famed ERIE MEDICAL CO., of Buffalo, N. Y.

This is due to the fact that the company controls some inventions and discoveries which have no equal in the whole realm of medical science.

So much deception has been practiced in advertising that this grand old company now, for the first time, makes this startling offer.

They will send their costly and magically effective appliance and a whole month's course of restorative remedies, positively on trial, without expense, to any honest and reliable man!

Not a dollar need be advanced—not a penny paid—till results are known to and acknowledged by the patient.

The Erie Medical company's appliance and remedies have been talked about and written about all over the world, till every man has heard of them. They restore or create strength, vigor, healthy tissues and new life.

They repair drains on the system that sap the energy. They cure nervousness, despondency, and all the effects of evil habits, excesses, overwork, etc.

They give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body. Failure is impossible and age is no barrier.

This "Trial Without Expense" offer is naturally limited by the company to a short time, and application must be made at once.

No C. O. D. scheme, or bogus philanthropy nor deception, no exposure—a clean business proposition by a company of high financial and professional standing.

Write to the ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and give your express address as well as your Post Office. Refer to seeing the account of their offer in the Chicago Ledger.

MAY.

BY ALVAH MILTON KERR.

Out of the South she steps with pipes alip,
And saps daedalian to earth's rounded cheek
Leap in a blush of flowers. Round her swim
Wing'd pencils writing in the tender air
A thousand swift-dissolving words of joy,
And children from the downs look up and smile
To see the summer in her eyes. On high
Heaven deepens its azure with her advent,
And clouds, washed white in rains of April, glow
Like faces bathed in morning. When she comes
Groves wake their orchestras to fuller play,
Each throat-string straining with its silver note,
And in the springing miracle of grass
The whispered surd of insect wings astir
Breaks into sudden pulsing, which shall flow,
As beating blood, until the riming North
Shall make these tiny webs seem flakes of frost.

O, when she comes, gales out the doors of Heaven
Bearing invisible sugars blow! Afield
Among the flowers a thousand spindles hum,
The bees in commerce, and the golden air
Blossoms with bluebirds as with violets.
Earth, as a joyous child at play with coins,
The water in her hollows rocks with winds
Like silver shaken in an outspread palm,
And each glad tree, winged with a million leaves,
Flutters its new-spring plumes as if to fly
The cumb'ring clod that binds it. When she comes,
Lilting her pipes above the waking world,
To happy bird and beast sweet love returns,
And buds stand open-lipped and list the strain
Unconscious of their fragrance. O, 'tis then
Each sunbeam falls a chisel of pure gold,
Each drop of rain a mallet of clear glass,
And in the veins of life the leaping saps,
Amber and red, press on the turning wheel
That recreates creation. When she comes
God works the eternal proof of deathless change
And immortality. My doubts die off;
The mild flaws fill with sunshine, and I feel
Through this benignant miracle that death
Is but the soil in which life sets its root,
Climbing by chance to grace a final May.

Unparalleled

"Well, you can talk about your good memories," said the president of the Liar's club, "but I once knew a man whose memory was phenomenal. He and I lived side by side in a little country hamlet in our boyhood days. His father was the miller and the most important man in the village. He was a very cruel parent and punished his children on the slightest provocation.

"Jack and I were the best of friends and many an hour have we whiled away with our bare feet dangling over the little bridge that spanned the mill stream. One Saturday in early spring, the day before Easter, we were sunning ourselves on the bridge, and after I had told him how many eggs I had saved for Easter, I said to him, 'Jack, how do you like your eggs cooked?' Just as he was about to answer my question his father's harsh voice rang out from the mill door calling him. He never stopped to say another word, but immediately went to do his father's bidding. That day his father punished him again. That night he disappeared and nothing was heard of him for several years when he again returned to his native town and became proprietor of his father's mill. Previous to his return, I too left the village and came to the city. One day, about thirty years after, I took a trip to the old home. I arrived in the night and went immediately to the tavern and to bed. The next morning I was up with the sun, and took a stroll about the little village. I met a good many people that I remembered but they did not recognize me. I walked toward the mill hoping that there I might find my boyhood chum. Just as I was crossing the old bridge I saw him coming toward me. He recognized me immediately, and advancing, grasped my hand and exclaimed, 'Scrambled!' "

For the Housekeeper.

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THE TWO MADOLINS;

OR,

A GIRL'S CONSPIRACY.

By WARD EDGERTON.

Author of "Why Did He Marry Her?" Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

[Violet succeeds in securing a proposal of marriage from Gerald. Jack Lawson witnesses the interview and sends her a note demanding an immediate interview. At this interview he threatens to divulge her secret to Colonel Brandt, and finally, in a rage, decides to murder her. Violet wins back Jack, and takes her maid into her confidence. She sees no one for a long time, sending word that she is ill. Her father discovers she is not at home. Her maid goes to Cliff Cottage, where Violet is, and tells the real Madolin that she must go to Lyndhurst and personate Violet.]

"Go back! Back to Lyndhurst?" she ga sped.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"YOU NEED MY HELP."

"Kill me, Jack," she panted faintly. "See—I make no resistance. Death at your hands has no terrors. Kill me, but remember this—I did love you, I love you still!"

"God, if I only dared believe!"

But the words had the desired effect. His hands fell as if palsied; he sat down in the nearest chair, breathing heavily, a red mist seeming to surround him.

When it cleared Violet had crept nearer and was clinging about his knees.

"Jack, hear me. You shall believe. You did see me with Gerald Heathcote, listening to his words of love. Not of my own free will. I was playing a part. What else could I do? I dared not proclaim the truth. To repulse him would have aroused suspicion, brought everything to light. The fortune that means so much to you and me would have been lost. The risk appalled me. I chose to dissemble. If I made a mistake, forgive me!"

Lawson half raised her so that their faces were on a level, and looked searchingly into her eyes.

"It is not I you are trying to deceive?"

"No, no. Jack, you are cruel. Have I not said I love you?"

A sort of convulsion went over him; he clasped her fiercely to his breast.

"Darling, don't mock me. It were safer to trifle with a savage beast of prey."

Though every fiber of her being shuddered with aversion, she dared not repel the ardent caress.

"Ah, how I love you!" he whispered, passionately. "In your presence I have neither mind nor will of my own. Your beauty dazzles, bewilders me. It was agony to doubt you. For the moment I was a madman. Murder will yet be done unless I put away every feeling of distrust. Darling, you love me—you do love me?"

"How many times must I tell you so?"

"Ten thousand! And then again ten thousand! I shall never tire of hearing the sweet confession. It is like bread to the famishing, like water to one athirst."

She could hardly breathe in his frenzied clasp; but there was no outward sign of the hatred and horror within her, even when he bent nearer with all-devouring passion and pressed a burning kiss upon her lips.

Well it was for Violet that the impassioned lover did not interpret her seeming submission and apathy aright.

There were broken words, caresses, tender explanations and assurances, and at last Violet lifted her head slowly from the broad chest where it had been fondly pillowed.

"Go, now, go," she whispered. "After this you will understand me better. If I seem, for the time being, to fall in with my father's plans, it is more for your sake than for mine. Go, and await patiently the happier time when we can throw off all restraint—live for each other alone."

The deluded man went from her presence, his heart throbbing wildly with the blind love that had taken such strong hold upon him.

"My little sweetheart is wiser than I," he muttered. "Of course she must appear to submit. I won't allow her to go too far! Gerald Heathcote is well calculated to win a woman's love. There shall be no more scenes like that in the conservatory."

As he walked on under the glistening stars his dark brows contracted in an ugly frown.

He was experiencing the swift revulsion of feeling that invariably followed an interview with Violet. Away from her fascinating presence, calm reason and judgment asserted their supremacy, all the old doubts obtruded themselves.

"Is she true or false? Oh, for the power to read her secret heart! But she dares not turn against me. She is bound by a claim her frail fingers are powerless to snap."

Violet stood as he had left her until his footsteps died away in the distance.

Then a frightful shudder went over her. She clenched her white hands in a spasm of helpless rage and fury.

"Insolent! Oh, to sweep him effectually from my path! It must be done, and that right speedily. This hideous strain on every nerve is unbearable. How—how? What shall I do?"

A few minutes later she stood before an open drawer of her dressing case, fumbling with a silver-mounted revolver that lay half hidden under piles of ribbon and lace.

Suddenly a frightened cry escaped her lips. The door had opened, and Adele entered.

"Ah!"

The French maid put a world of meaning into the simple syllable. Thrusting her mistress back she shut the drawer with a bang, then gazed into the other's horror-stricken face with a strange, fixed look.

"The time for half confidences is past, miss. You're in sore straits. Don't gnash your teeth at me. A fine lady doesn't keep such toys for nothing. You need my help, but I won't work in the dark. Tell me all, or send me away."

A lurid flash shot like sheet lightning from those beautiful eyes. Violet stood irresolute, and the maid, coming closer, whispered two or three sentences in her ear.

The words were blows. Violet staggered and sat down, her face hidden in her hands. She trembled violently, and her breath came in shuddering gasps, like that of a dumb creature smitten unto death.

CHAPTER XVI.

DESPERATE MEASURES.

Adele bent over the wretched girl, with something like pity in her face.

"Better trust me than an utter stranger, miss. You should have told me all in the first place. But it isn't too late. Take your own time for the disclosure, only we must come to an understanding before I leave this room."

She paused for a response; then, as none came, locked the door, drew a chair close to that of her young mistress, and sat down with folded hands.

Violet did not resent her insolence. She felt a sickening sensation—as if she never wanted to lift her head.

"Well, miss?" Adele said, when several minutes had elapsed.

Then Violet sat erect. Her dry lips moved once or twice before there was an audible sound.

"I do need your aid. You shall know all. It's a strange story—scarcely what you expected to hear, perhaps—more startling, more surprising. Listen!"

For a time there was no sound in the room save Violet's subdued tones, and now and then a broken ejaculation from the lips of the maid. But they were both deadly pale; and Violet kept pushing the tumbled hair back from her forehead with a trembling hand.

"You did well to confide in me, miss," Adele said, coolly, the recital ended. "Now I can make your cause my own. I'll do it, too. Courage. Already I see a way out. Be guided by me, and all will be well."

For the next half hour it was the maid's voice that murmured on, with only an occasional interjection from Violet.

At the end of that time, the foulest conspiracy ever conceived had been planned, for it was directed against the peace, happiness and good name of an innocent girl.

A month passed, and despite Violet's secret fears and anxieties, she was almost happy. Business complications had called Jack Lawson away from the neighborhood. They held a last interview in which she was all sweetness, and the infatuated dupe had torn himself from her embraces in the full conviction that the flames of the old burned-out passion had been rekindled in her heart.

"Tell me you love me; only once more," he entreated, as they stood in the darkness under the trees.

"Jack, dear Jack, you know I do," she had answered, clasping her arms about his neck. "Whatever happens, you must never doubt me again."

"Oh, how hard it is to leave you, darling! Even for a few short weeks! But you, too, will look forward with eager longing to the time when we shall be reunited."

"Yes, yes. I must still play a part—or papa and Gerald Heathcote will suspect. Heaven speed the day when we can throw off all disguise."

"What a jealous brute I have been!" he exclaimed. "How could I think you had ceased to love me?"

"I forgive you. You will never be so unjust to me again."

"No, never!" he declared, carried away by her tears and caresses.

Jack's faith would have received a severe shock had he seen her a half hour later, walking up and down her boudoir with clenched hands and balefully glittering eyes.

"The stupid fool!" she hissed, a look of hatred and fear resting upon the face that had been all smiles and sweetness a few moments before.

She had triumphed for a time—won him from the distrust that meant misery and ruin for herself. But how would it be presently—when he should come back?

"There are so many fatal accidents—why couldn't something happen to him?" she cried.

And yet it was a relief to be rid of his espionage—to go about free from the fear of being watched from ambush.

Gerald Heathcote was not an impassioned suitor. His visits to Lyndhurst were few and far between. But he always found Violet smiling and charming. His coming brought new radiance to her lovely face.

"Any other woman would be desperate," she told herself. "So am I—but I do not despair. There's a world of difference between the two."

Indeed it was wonderful how her drooping spirits had revived since that confidential chat with her maid.

One day she was out driving with Gerald. Neither had spoken for some time, when a sudden start and a smothered exclamation her companion gave, raised Violet from a blissful reverie, sweeter than any converse to the infatuated girl.

"Madolin, do you know who lives yonder on the bluff?"

Violet gasped for breath. Lost in thought she had paid no heed to the direction in which they were going. Now Cliff Cottage looked squarely down on them from the little eminence where it stood.

"No," she faltered. "Some common people whose names I have not learned."

With quick presence of mind she drew her wrap closer and spoke peremptorily to the coachman.

"Home, Perkins, drive fast. I'm tired; the evening air grows chilly."

As the carriage swung around, a girlish figure appeared for an instant in the doorway. The real Madolin!

Violet's face turned a terrible color. She glanced at Gerald. He was trembling violently. Violet saw him pass a shaking hand across his eyes.

"Strange, that I should be so mocked!" he muttered, like a man communing with himself.

When he betrothed himself to Violet he had made up his mind never to come this way again. It was through no fault of his that the resolution had been broken. All he could do now was to put firmly down the mad delusions that were making riot in heart and brain.

He could never succeed in this until it became a sin to think of the love he had lost.

He sat silent and still during the homeward drive, speaking for the first time as the carriage rolled in at the gate.

"Madolin, when will you marry me?"

She looked at him, rigid with amazement at the abruptness of the question.

"I do not favor long engagements," he continued. "There is no occasion for delay. Are you willing to become my wife very soon?"

"Whenever you wish, Gerald."

"Two weeks from today?"

Violet gave a low cry and seemed to shrink and cower before his eyes.

"Too soon," she breathed. "A month hence—two months——"

"Very well. We will wait two months, if that date suits you better."

But he looked disappointed. So vexed was he with himself for his folly and weakness, he would have married her offhand.

"Madolin, there is something I must tell you. I ought to have told you before," he said, suddenly, reaching for her hands and holding them closely in his clasp. "Before we met I knew a girl very like you in some respects. I loved her——"

She drew back, panting hoarsely:

"Hush. I would rather not hear about her."

"But you have a right to the whole truth."

"Tell me nothing—nothing. What do I care for the past? I only want to be happy, now, and in the days to come."

Next time he came to Lyndhurst Violet did not make her appearance.

"My mistress has a wretched headache, and begs to be excused," said the maid.

Thus it was for three weeks. When Gerald asked for his betrothed the same message was invariably brought by Adele—"Miss Brandt is indisposed and can see no one."

He did not mind this, at first. It was rather a relief not to be called upon to enact the role of lover. But, as time went by, he began to ask himself what it meant. Strange that these troublesome headaches should follow his betrothed so persistently! Was she really ill, or worrying over something that made her unhappy?

Finally he ventured to speak of the matter to Colonel Brandt.

For some time the latter had been confined to his room with gout. Ever since that meeting with the real Madolin there had been a coolness between the colonel and the impostor. Some instinct caused him to shrink from her. Therefore, he had hardly given a thought to the fact that she had been chary of her visits to himself. More than a week had elapsed since she had entered his presence at all.

All this came back to him now before Gerald had uttered a dozen words.

He instantly took alarm.

"If my daughter is ill we must have medical advice at once," he declared, striking the silver handbell.

A servant appeared.

"Tell your mistress I wish to speak with her," Colonel Brandt said, peremptorily.

Five minutes passed; then it was Adele who came. Despite her wonderful self-control, the girl started and turned pale, seeing the colonel and Gerald Heathcote there together.

"I'm very sorry, sir," she faltered, "my mistress has a frightful headache—worse than usual—so bad she can hardly lift her head from the pillow."

"Why haven't you sent for a physician, then?"

"Miss Madolin wouldn't hear to it, sir. She will be all right in the morning. She needs rest and quiet, sir—not medicine."

"Rest!" the colonel echoed, scornfully. "Hasn't she been resting for weeks——"

But Adele had already made her escape.

Struck by something in the girl's manner, Gerald turned eagerly to his host.

"Always the same excuse! What can it mean? Does Madolin regret the promise to become my wife? Is she grieving herself ill?"

"Nonsense! I'll find out what it means!"

Colonel Brandt groped for the crutch leaning against his chair.

"Lend me the support of your arm, Gerald. I'm going to my daughter's room."

They went slowly up the broad stairway. At the door of Violet's boudoir the younger man drew back.

"I will wait in the lower hall, sir."

Colonel Brandt stopped him with a gesture. His imperative rap elicited no response, and he pushed wide the door. Adele stood alone, pallid as death, in the beautiful room. Guided by her hoarse breathing, the blind father groped his way to her side.

"Your mistress?"

Adele flung herself between him and the door leading to the inner room.

"Go away, sir; please go," she entreated, wildly. "It would be a terrible shock to Miss Madolin in her nervous condition if you appeared before her unexpectedly. Wait a little—until she is prepared to see you."

Trembling with excitement, Colonel Brandt thrust the kneeling maid aside.

"Out of my way, woman!"

Then with a firm, unerring step, as though his sight had been suddenly restored, he strode toward the inner room and flung wide the door.

In the coridor Gerald stood, staring like a man transfixed.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN ATMOSPHERE OF MYSTERY.

"Madolin!"

Colonel Brandt's voice was harsh and imperative as he spoke his daughter's name.

A silence as of death reigned in the dainty bedchamber. A cold trembling crept through his veins as he halted on the threshold.

"Madolin—speak to me!"

Still there was no response. With a thrill of sickening fear he staggered toward the white-draped bed and passed his hand over it. The next instant he had wheeled about in a wild sort of fury, his sightless eyes staring straight at Adele, who had followed him in.

"Girl, where is your mistress?"

Adele tried to speak, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Answer me! What is the meaning of this? No more lies! I want the truth," he fairly shouted.

For once the maid's brazen audacity utterly failed her. In mortal terror she cowered before him.

"You and she have conspired to deceive me. Why is it? Explain!"

There was dead silence while Adele struggled for composure; finally she found her voice.

"Oh, sir, don't be angry. Heaven is my witness that it's as much a mystery to me as to yourself."

"Do you mean to say that Madolin left the house without your knowledge?"

"I do, sir."

"But where has she gone? What has become of her?"

"God knows," sobbed the crafty girl. "I fear the worst. When her headache came on she shut herself in here alone and forbade me to disturb her on any pretext. I can't imagine how she slipped away without being seen. Oh, sir, I fear that, delirious with pain, she has wandered into the grounds and destroyed herself!"

Colonel Brandt gave a snort of anger. He instinctively distrusted the glib-tongued maid. The real explanation could hardly be so simple as this.

"Stop!" he cried, harshly. "Don't trouble yourself to invent more falsehoods. Madolin is hiding something—I'm satisfied of that—and you are in the secret. She shall tell me all when she returns."

Rejoining Gerald Heathcote, who was waiting in the corridor, utterly confounded by what had occurred, he led the way below.

"You saw—and heard," he said, the moment they were shut in alone. "How do you account for Madolin's mysterious absence?"

"It may have no particular significance."

"But I strongly suspect this is is not the first time she has gone away secretly, while pretending to be shut up in her own room. You know how frequently the plea of sudden indisposition has been made."

"Where could she go? Why should she do anything underhanded?"

Colonel Brandt shook his head. He was sorely puzzled.

"Gerald, I will be frank with you. For a long time Madolin has seemed to have something on her mind. She appears like another person. I feel the change, but am unable to describe it. I shall not rest until I learn the nature of the secret she is hiding from me."

"You are perfectly sure it has no relation to the contemplated marriage?"

"Yes; how could it? Madolin loves you deeply. It will be a blissful day for her that sees her your wife."

"Then why do you think there is anything wrong?"

The colonel knitted his brows.

"My reasons are not easily put into words. Perhaps I should not have said this to you," he added, after a moment's thought. "Of course, you think it very strange. But I cannot keep this trouble to myself. It is for your interest, also, to unearth the truth."

Gerald turned away without replying. He tried to think that all was well, but torturing suspicions would creep into his mind.

A few minutes later, as he stood at the open window, Adele left the house, muffled in a long cloak, and sped swiftly across the lawn.

Ever and anon she glanced furtively over her shoulder, as if fearful of being seen and followed.

Gerald watched her a moment, thinking deeply and rapidly, then left the house and hurried cautiously in the same direction.

He must know where she was going, and, perchance, the mystery that so sorely puzzled Colonel Brandt and himself would be explained.

With a strange feeling he saw Adele take the path leading to the cottage on the bluff. He followed her to the cottage on the cliff.

As Adele entered one of the rear apartments a startled exclamation broke from three pairs of lips.

Violet, Madolin and Mrs. Lamont were all there together. A glance into the maid's pallid face told them that something unusual had happened.

"You must return to Lyndhurst at once, miss," Adele exclaimed, going straight to Madolin's side.

The latter recoiled, a look of amazement and terror sweeping over her lovely face.

"Go back to Lyndhurst?" she gasped.

"Yes, miss. Please make haste."

"Oh, how can I? You do not really mean it! Such a frightful risk! No, I will not!"

Violet started up from the couch on which she was reclining, her face flushed with anger and fear.

"Adele, you are mad!" she exclaimed, sharply. "Why should my sister go back there?"

"Unless one of you speedily returns, the whole truth will be brought to light."

"My absence has been discovered?" Violet cried, her heart giving a terrified leap.

"Yes, miss. Colonel Brandt forced his way into your room. Suspicion has been aroused, and something must be done to allay it. You can't go, but Miss Madolin is now strong and well—capable of playing a role to avert detection."

Violet saw it all in a flash. She was too ill to leave her couch, but if the affair was shrewdly managed Madolin could take her place for a time, only being careful to keep away from the servants, out of Gerald Heathcote's sight.

"Go, Madolin, go!" she cried, in a high, strained voice. "There's no alternative. For pity's sake make haste."

"Oh, Violet, I cannot!" moaned the poor girl. "To go back for the sole purpose of deceiving my poor blind father—I cannot do it! I would rather die."

"Would you ruin all at this late day by your obstinacy?"

"Think of some other plan," pleaded Madolin.

Violet made a gesture of scorn and anger.

"Fool! Would I send you there if it could be helped? Go, go! Every moment makes the situation more critical. Follow the course to which you are committed, and—beware!"

With that warning word, made doubly impressive by look and tone, Violet pushed the kneeling girl rudely away.

Madolin arose, and in the utter silence permitted to maid to wrap her in a long cloak brought from the wardrobe. The face, over which Adele took the precaution to tie a muffling veil, was almost deathlike in its expression.

Like one in a waking dream, she left the house, following in the tire-woman's wake.

Gerald Heathcote barely suppressed a cry of bewilderment when he saw her appear.

He fully believed she was the girl known to him as Madolin Brandt, and yet how strangely she reminded him of his lost love.

His heart beat fast, a flush rose over his handsome face, and involuntarily he took a step toward her from his place of concealment.

However, he checked himself the next instant.

"There's something uncanny about this place," he muttered, hoarsely. "I never came here without this sense of nearness to the beautiful girl who wore my love only to fling it lightly away. Why is it, I wonder?"

Waiting until the two figures had passed his line of vision he followed slowly in the same direction.

His lips were compressed, his face wore a troubled expression. Miss Brandt had disclaimed all knowledge of the inmates of Cliff cottage. Why?

Had she told him a deliberate falsehood, or were the intimate relations now existing of very recent date?"

"Why does she come her secretly?" he asked himself. "It is very strange—I cannot understand it."

In the meantime, Madolin, all unconscious of his proximity, was making her way swiftly along the path.

She looked around her at the green fields, the blue sparkling river, the setting sun, without seeing any of these things.

"Heaven help me!" she cried aloud, when the gables of Lyndhurst rose before her in the deepening dusk.

She shrank in shuddering terror from the ordeal that awaited her, but there was no escape.

Urged on by Adele, she gained Violet's boudoir unseen.

"Better drink this," whispered the maid, pouring a glass of wine. "You will need all your strength for the role you have to play."

A few minutes later Adele knocked at the door of the library, where Colonel Brandt sat alone, debating what course to pursue—whether to institute a rigorous search for the missing girl, or await further developments.

"Miss Madolin has returned, sir," she said, calmly. "There was really no occasion for alarm. She merely went for a stroll, thinking the fresh air might relieve her wretched headache."

Colonel Brandt took a sudden resolution.

"I will go to my daughter's room," he said, rising to his feet.

Adele fairly gasped with dismay. She had hoped he would be satisfied with the mere information that her mistress was back in her own apartment. As he toiled slowly up the stairs she asked herself, with white lips:

"Will he detect the imposture?"

(To be continued next week.)

A SOVEREIGN'S PERIL.

How the Little Boy King of Spain Was Kidnapped and Rescued.

Everybody remembers that three years ago the little King of Spain was reported so dangerously ill with a very contagious disease that no one but the doctor, the king's tutor and Senor Guastala, the prime minister, could see him.

The facts of the case have just come to light. The truth is that the little king was not ill at all, but had been kidnapped. The report of his illness was sent abroad to cover his absence from public view.

The story of his kidnapping forms a most interesting tale of daring and cunning. Only a Spaniard could have carried out such a tricky scheme.

The reports of the king's illness were sent out on the day of a grand review of troops at Madrid in honor of one of the saints, at which the queen regent was to be present with the king. In consequence it was to be a most imposing affair, and all Madrid was to be there.

The queen regent was forced to send out the reports of the king's illness on the morning of the day of the parade because she received a letter warning her of a plot which was on foot to attempt the king's life during the ceremonies at the review. This letter was postmarked Pamplona, which was the very center of the Carlist region, and the queen regent was greatly alarmed. She submitted the letter to Father Oliva, the tutor of the king and it was decided to keep the boy at home and send out reports of his indisposition.

The tutor was consoling his royal pupil for his disappointment at not attending the review with the queen, who had taken in his stead his oldest sister, when a closed carriage was driven rapidly up to the palace and an officer and aide-de-camp stepped out. They announced themselves to the porters in waiting as General Espinosa and aid, sent by the queen to fetch the king to the review, and demanding to be taken to his majesty's presence.

The two were immediately conducted to the tutor's room. Oliva was profoundly impressed with the genuineness of these fine officers and their message from the queen. They said she had found there was no danger, and that the troops showed great dissatisfaction at the king's absence. She deemed it best he should be present for fear of serious consequences.

The little king was dressed in his uniform in great haste and taken away by the two officers.

Two or three hours later the queen regent returned and sent for his majesty. The old father was surprised and stupefied, and hurriedly explained to the queen how matters stood. She at once realized the cleverness of those who had plotted against her son. She was in despair and sent at once to the prime minister who advised that the affair be kept secret to avoid the revolution that would surely take place if it became known.

The chief of police was informed of the state of affairs, and a description of the carriage and two men was given him. The railways and frontier were watched and guarded. Every precaution was taken, and careful search made, but absolutely nothing could be learned.

Had it not been for one of the French diplomats, the king might still be in exile, Don Carlos now on the throne or a republic established in place of the present dynasty. At the end of the fourth day of the king's absence a famous French diplomat called at the palace with a gift for the boy king in the form of a troop of magnificent toy soldiers. He was told by the queen that the nature of the king's malady prevented her from admitting him to his majesty's presence, but upon the Frenchman's assuring her that he did not fear contagion of any sort the queen burst into tears and told him of Alphonso's abduction, begging his advise.

The diplomat was old in the service at foreign courts and he was keen to a wonderful degree. He made all manner of inquiries, plied every one in the palace with questions, and then asked permission to examine every part of the great palace.

In the enormous servants' quarters he was not permitted to enter the rooms of the high chef, who was said to be ill. But upon insisting he was admitted. He found the chef was in good health, and greatly confused at his visit. The Frenchman asked him how he felt, and then advised him to take the air, as his apartments seemed close and stuffy. At the same time he stepped to a door at the side of the room. He was about to open it when the chef sprang at him. The diplomat whipped out a revolver and told him to stand back or have his brains blown out. He then swung open the door, there, seated on the floor, was his majesty, the king of Spain, with dirty face and hands, eating jam tarts, of which he was extravagantly fond and arranging some lead soldiers in troops.

He was at once restored to his frantic mother, and that afternoon was driven through the public parks, to show the people that their sovereign was well again.

It turned out that the kidnaping was not a Carlist plot. It was wholly the work of the chief cook and two outlaws. It was their intention either to offer the king to the Carlists for a large sum or to get him over the frontier and then ask a fabulous ransom for his return.

The plot was a good one, but had failed through the nervousness of the [illegible] played the parts of officer and aide-de-camp. The letter was written to the queen to put her off her guard and to keep the king at home while the family was at the review. The chef's young nephew had been brought to the palace after dark the day before, and it was he who was carried away in the carriage instead of the king, the plotters thinking that it would be easier to get the king away after the lapse of several days and hoped to create a false scent. The chef and his accomplices were thrown into prison and the matter hushed up, while the French diplomat was given a fortune and a beautiful ring from the finger of the queen regent.

The queen regent spends every year the summer months with the little king at the sea bathing place, San Sebastian, in the northern part of Spain. The young king has in this place his own boy battalion which was founded in the year 1896.

The battalion consists of 400 boys who wear as uniform the pretty dress of the warlike inhabitants of the Pyrennes—blue uniform, with red cap. A short time ago the Rey Nino (small king) gave the battalion a flag as a present. The officers are mounted on small ponies. The battalion has its own drummers, also a band, which plays very creditably.

There are six companies and each is drilled every day by an officer of the garrison of San Sebastian. The small boys are exercised diligently and the young king derives great pleasure reviewing them during his stay in San Sebastian.

The Greater Includes the less. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures hip diseases and scrofula sores and it may be depended upon to cure boils and pimples and humors of all kinds.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic. Cure sick headache, break up a cold.

More Precious Than Gold.

At last, after many dangers, she had braved the terrors of Chilcoot pass and had rejoined her lover on the Klondike.

"Are you glad to see me?" she asked. "Do you still think I am worth my weight in gold?"

"In gold?" he cried, as he folded her to his frozen bosom. "My darling, you are worth your weight in hash!"

You Can Change Their Colors.

Few people know what an extraordinary effect ammonia has on flowers. You can try it with an ordinary smelling bottle. Blue and purple flowers turn green, red turn black, white generally yellow. The effect is very curious if you try the vapor on any flower which combines in itself several colors. The flowers, if placed in pure water, will retain their new color for some hours, and then gradually return to their old one. Aster flowers, in a state of nature inodorous, acquire a pleasant perfume under the influence of ammonia.

Read the grand offer of Sawyer Crystal Blue Co., on page 3 of this issue.